# THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

## *MONTHLY CALENDAR*

OF THE

## TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

*MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.*

## FOR FEBRUARY, 1803.

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*Embellished with,* I. *A Beautiful Engraving of Pipeling by Mr. Scott, from a Painting by Mr. Clifton Tomson, of Nottingham.*

II. *A Slight but Masterly Etching of Crack and Sir Edward, in the Farce of "The Turnpike Gate," from a Drawing by Mr. Collins.*


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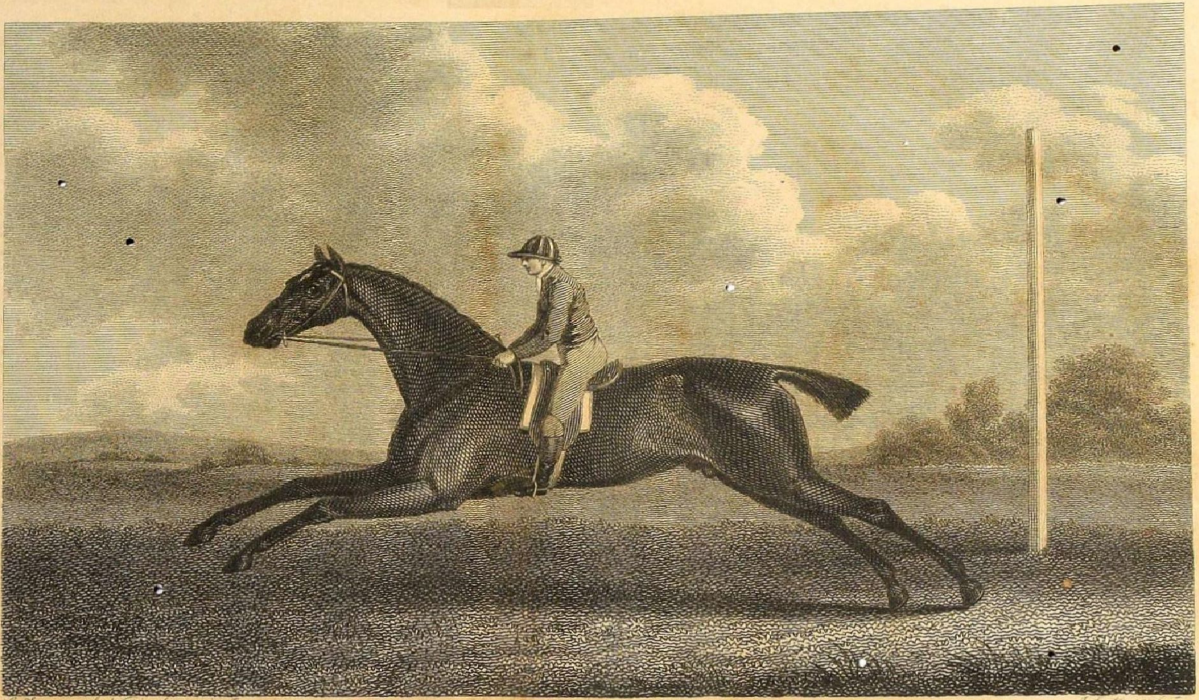
## *TO CORRESPONDENTS.*

The Gentleman who has written to us from Birmingham, upon the subject of a Poem, is very obliging, and may depend upon the most candid use of the Communication he has promised.

Some eccentric Communications from J. J. B. and several other Correspondents, are unavoidably deferred, for want of room, and an arrival early in the Month.

Our old Correspondent A. B. is informed, that the Letters to M. M. are rather too metaphysical to *amuse* our Readers.



C. Tomson of Nottingham pinx.t J. Scott sculp.t

Pipeling.

Pub. March 1.1802, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

THE

# SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR FEBRUARY, 1803.

## PORTRAIT OF PIPELING,

*Engraved by Mr. Scott,*

FROM A

*Painting by Mr. Clifton Tomson, of Nottingham.*

PIPELING is a capital three-year old colt, and the property of Sitwell Sitwell, Esq. M. P. He was got by Sir Peter, out of Rally, by Trumpator. Rally is the dam likewise of Hyale, given in our Magazine for January 1802.

## RIGHT OF THE ROAD.

*To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.*

GENTLEMEN,

HAVING been present at a trial of some singularity, before Lord Alvanley, in the Court of Common Pleas, on Monday the 14th instant, I avail myself of the first opportunity to trouble you with an accurate state of the evidence, as delivered in Court; the verdict of the Jury; and lastly, with your permission, a few remarks upon both; as they in the result seem materially to affect the rule of right, as established by the judicious experience of the late Lord Mansfield, and by which the person, horse, and carriage of every traveller upon the road, was intended and supposed to be in future protected.

EMBDEN *v.* MAUDUIT.

THE plaintiff in this cause, is said to be a respectable conveyancer in Furnival's Inn, and the defendant, a gentleman of large fortune and extensive liberality, inhabiting Newcastle house in Lincoln's Inn Fields. In some afternoon of August last, the plaintiff, Capt. Head, late of the Worcester militia; and Capt. Buck, late of the East Kent, set off about six o'clock from Furnival's Inn, on an excursion to Banstead; having dined together previous to their setting out; the plaintiff and his servant lad in one chair or gig, his two friends in the other. The evidence of the three last, went to prove their travelling not more than nine or ten miles an hour; that just before their entrance into Mitcham, nine miles from London, they observed, at the distance of nearly or fully an hundred yards, a chariot on their side the road; that, continuing their travelling pace, and not observing the coachman to deviate at all from the

side and track he had taken, till within twenty yards of them, both master and servant vociferated loudly, when, and not till then, the coachman began very slowly, reluctantly, and sulkily, to bear his horses heads over some centrical gravel, to his *near* and *proper* side of the road; but this he did in such cool, deliberate, and psalm-singing time, that, although the plaintiff's near wheel was proved to have come upon the edge of the causeway, on his own side, yet his off-wheel came in contact with the off-wheel of the chariot, which overturned the chair, broke the body to pieces, disunited the splinter-bar from the carriage, and snapt both shafts in the middle; with which, and the splinter-bar, the horse ran away: and after continuing his career in fright till almost exhausted, he threw himself against the window of an inn, from thence to the sign-post, where he fell, by which he was completely ruined; and in opposition to every professional endeavour for his recovery, died in three weeks. Mr. Embden sustained some slight bruises, in no way alarming; but, for the loss of his horse, and the injury to his chaise, he brought the present action against Mr. Mauduit, the owner of the chariot, which was then empty, upon its return from Sutton, where it had been with a Mr. Hague, proceeding on his journey to visit Mr. Mauduit, then at Brighton.

The junior master of the Mitcham stages, who happened to drive up with his coach immediately after the accident, proceeded with others to measure the width of the road, and gave evidence in Court, that the carriage road was twenty-one feet wide from causeway to causeway; that the track of the off or outer wheel of the plaintiff, was only six feet from the foot path on his own side, and that he had not an inch to spare, while the distance the defendant's coachman had for his chariot, was twenty-one feet. Thus far on the part of the plaintiff when the evidence closed.—Upon the part of the defence, a pantomimic and variegated collection of witnesses appeared to "suppose the plaintiff and his friends had drank wine after dinner;" "that they drove very furiously;" and that, "if they had been in the carriage road, and had not got out of the way, they must have been killed." This sort of speculative evidence rendered the trial tedious in progress, and uncertain in the event; and the Court, which was crowded for near five hours, was anxiously alive for the verdict, which was at length pronounced in favour of the defendant.

With this verdict, gentlemen, I have nothing to do, or with those between whom it was tried; but I must solicit permission from you, who, I conclude, occasionally ride or drive as well as your neighbours, to offer a few remarks to my brother sportsmen, upon a subject in which I conceive the life, or personal safety of every spirited individual, is so materially concerned. It is the fate of some men to be dull in intellectual comprehension; some horses to be slow in action; would-be-orators to be tardy in speech; and for some to prefer porter, while others drink wine: envy amongst the lower classes, is generally a passion predominant against the superior order; and perhaps the petty chapmen of Mitcham, conceive no man, except a madman, is entitled to go a more gentleman-like-pace, than their own taxed-cart. I believe, it will be readily admitted by you, as it is by the law of the road, and the law of custom, that by each keeping to his, or their near side of the road, for mutual advantage and mutual safety, the lives

lives of thousands are daily insured; and if it was not for this prudent precaution, eternal destruction must inevitably ensue, and all regular intercourse, safety, and convenience be at an end. Now, gentlemen, I conceive, that my side of the road being thus equitably chalked out, both by the law of the road, and the law of custom, I am, so long as I use it with discretion, as much entitled to it, as I am to a freehold estate, or a sum in the funds, which no man presumes to dispute. If it is universally admitted I have a side of the road pointed out, and I keep it, I conclude, none but a fool or a madman, dare dictate to me as an Englishman possessing the principle of free-agency, and, like Falstaff, having a fixed antipathy to compulsion, what pace I ought to go. Somniferous sermonizers, like Pope's rustic hero, who "whistled as he went for want of thought;" those slow goers and tedious detailers, feel all the cynical rigidity of a methodist, at seeing a fellow-creature, blest with good health and high spirits, much happier than themselves. Of this, I had ample proof a short time since, when the Editor, alias Conductor, of a celebrated Periodical Publication, and so it must be when the person alluded to rides in his chariot, exultingly said, "he thought every man a *fool* who ever followed a hound:" upon which I concluded he had never read, or did not recollect the metaphoric inculcation of Lord Chesterfield to his son, of "never mentioning a *rope* in a family where one had been hanged;" at any rate, I am satisfied, he may enjoy the pedantic pageantry of his chariot and trappings, while I can move in unison with the musical melody of the hounds. Returning to the reflections naturally arising upon the uncertainty of the law—the coachman admitted, he saw the two chairs coming, as he said, "furiously, between fifty and a hundred yards before him;" and upon a question being put to him from the Court, "Why he did not then sooner begin to get on his own side of the road?" could make no answer.—Now, gentlemen, I do not know whether you are at all acquainted with the internal habits of coachmen, but for my own part, I do not conceive any one of the whole fraternity very remarkable for abstinence; or that many keep themselves cool and steady with toast and water. I could not resist the temptation even in court, of ruminating upon the possibilities of the case; that any man driving from London to Sutton, roasting upon the coach box in the month of August, must have accumulated a little dust in the mouth and nostrils, which possibly required washing away; and as gentlemen of the whip are not remarkable for self-denial, and the beer upon the roads is made very powerful by the interposing art of the brewer, in *Coculus Indicus*, and other ingredients equally infatuating. I conceived the coachman, having staid at Sutton four hours, might probably have been looking at somebody drinking, and the distant effluvia of the liquor, from its soporific property, might have made him drowsy and nodding, or a little muzzy; from which natural reverie he did not recover himself till it was too late to remedy the mistake. Great stress was laid upon the circumstance of the plaintiff's not pulling up in time to prevent the accident; but those who are accustomed to ride or drive good or blood horses, and this had both run and won at Tunbridge, will know such are not in a moment to be stopt in their career: exclusive of which, every man who adheres to his own side of the road, can hardly be supposed servile enough to

to pull up his horse every five or ten minutes to accommodate each *yaw-hoot* inexperienced fool, who may be disposed to obstruct his progress, of which there never are any wanting in the environs of the metropolis. I could with pleasure have enlarged more upon the subject, but fearful I have obtruded too much upon the room of your entertaining Miscellany, I beg to solicit an occasional corner in future, and to prove myself hereafter, your obliged Friend,

ROGER DE COVERLEY, *jun.*

*Temple, Feb.* 21, 1803.

## HORSE CAUSE.

*Original for the Sporting Magazine.*

BURGESS *v.* SPENCER.

*Court of King's Bench, Feb.* 16.

THE opening of this case by Mr. Gibbs, proved the plaintiff to have paid the defendant, in June last, L. 115 for a pair of horses warranted sound, and quiet in harness: one of them, however, soon after proving defective, was exchanged, with the defendant paying him a further sum of L.20. This horse, within three days, was observed by all who saw him to labour under some internal defect, and nearly a total suppression of urine. The horse was first shewn to Mr. Layton, then to Mr. Taplin, who both pronounced him internally defective; the latter recommending a return of the horse to Mr. Spencer, with a friendly expostulation and mutual accommodation to each other. The evidence produced on the part of the plaintiff proved the return of the horse; that Mr. Spencer was present, called one of his men to receive him, and pull off his saddle and bridle, which was then put into the plaintiff's carriage; that Mr. Spencer said, at parting, he should have some young horses from the country in two or three days, if Mr. Burgess would look in. The plaintiff, however, was taken ill the next day, and confined for a month. After his recovery, he applied not for another horse, but for the purchase-money, L.75 : 10. This the defendant resisted, having sent the horse to a livery stable on the 6th of October last, the day he was returned, as he supposed, at the plaintiff's expence, upon a presumption the plaintiff was obliged to take another in exchange. Very little more than half the evidence was gone through, when the case became exceedingly clear. Messrs. Erskine and Garrow, who were for the defendent, philosophically folded up their briefs, and a verdict was announced for the plaintiff.

## SPORTING LITERATURE, ENGRAVINGS, &c.

WE are happy to announce the publication of the Second Volume of *Rural Sports*, by W. B. Daniel.—The delay of the publication until the present period, we understand, is not to be attributed to the author, but to causes which we hear are to come under discussion by way of arbitration.

MR. TAPLIN, we are informed, has nearly completed two handsome octavo volumes of a *Sporting Dictionary* or *Lexicon*. This work is anxiously looked for by the sporting world.

A MOST

A MOST splendid work, in royal quarto, is about to make its appearance, to be entitled, *The Sportsman's Cabinet*, or, *A Delineation of the Canine Race*;" consisting of engravings, and letter-press descriptions of the various species of dogs. The paintings are original, from life, by P. Reinagle, Esq. R. A. and are to be engraved, in the stroke manner, by Mr. John Scott; by whom the plates to Mr. Daniel's Rural Sports were executed. It is, we understand, to be comprised in about twenty numbers; the first of which will appear on the 1st of April next.

COPY OF A
LETTER FROM NEWMARKET.

*To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.*

GENTLEMEN,

I HOPE it will not be too late to insert in this month's Magazine, that our Coursing Meeting commences on the 21st instant, and that nearly thirty brace of greyhounds are now in the town, and a great many gentlemen, to attend the meeting, which will continue the whole of the week. Sir Samuel Fludyer, Sir C. Bunbury, Sir John Seabright, Mr. Mosely, Mr, Galway, Mr. Durand, and several other gentlemen, are here already, and numbers more expected. I shall endeavour to obtain as much intelligence as I can for your Sporting Magazine. I am, Gentlemen, your most obedient, J. H.

*Newmarket, Feb.* 20, 1803.

IT gives us concern to say, that we shall not be able to keep back this part of our Miscellany, to embrace the above intelligence this month, but whatever occurs at the meeting, shall have a full and faithful report in our next.

BOXING.

ON Monday, February 14, a pitched battle was fought on Wimbledon Common, for twenty guineas a side. The combatants were Smith, the boot-closer, who was beat a short time ago by young O'Donnel, after an hour's hard fighting; and Curry, a pugilist of some note, but who has not entered the lists for these last seven years. The parties set to at one o'clock, and continued the contest for nineteen rounds. The first and second rounds were in favour of Smith, who was indisputably the strongest man. The third round was well contended on both sides; but Curry hitting Smith a violent blow on his temples, knocked him down, himself falling with the force of his own blow. From that to the tenth round was nearly even betting. The eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth rounds seemed in favour of Curry, when he, unfortunately, sprained his right hand, which entirely gave the turn of the battle against him; and although he fought on with great spirit and resolution, it was evident, from the little use he could make of his crippled hand, that he must eventually give in.

He frequently, in the course of the battle, was urged to yield; but he gave two reasons for his refusal: first, that it was necessary he should prove his *bottom*; and in the next place, satisfy his friends that he had made the best of a bad business. At the conclusion of the nineteenth round, he, however, gave in, and Smith was declared victor.

No distinguished amateurs were present, except Lord Milsington and Captain Mills. Of professional *ge'mmen* there were Belcher, Berks, Jackling, Maddox, Pitton, &c.

A SECOND battle took place between two young lads, pupils of

Baldwin

Baldwin and Bentley. Much skill in sparring was displayed, particularly by the winner, a mulatto. A collection was made and divided between them.

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On Tuesday the 1st, an extraordinary battle was fought in Tothill-Fields, between a well known tallow-chandler, of Westminster, called *Dicky the Dippite*, and a certain member of the gentle craft in that neighbourhood. Maddox was second, and Caleb Baldwin bottle-holder to the former; and O'Donnel was second, and Seabrook bottle-holder to the latter. The *Dippite* displayed a surprising power of fence, and seemed well adapted to encounter a mob; for one of his blows, though apparently aimed at his antagonist, and which he was preparing to ward off, fell on the face of Baldwin, his own bottle-holder. The spectators were so delighted and astonished at this novel mode of fighting, that bets ran high, and some odds were laid, that he not only beat his opponent, but also both seconds and bottle holders; but, unfortunately his carreer was very short. The first and only blow he received was on his face: this, though not violent, and an exclamation of O'Donnel's, "that by G— his jaw was broke," so terrified this now celebrated pugilist, that he immediately gave in, and was carried home and put to bed.

---

A pugilistic contest took place last week, in a field near the town of Billingborough in Lincoln shire. The bet was a guinea and a girl, and the combatants were a shepherd of Billingborough, and a tailor named Horbling. They met pursuant to public advertisement; and the combination which constituted the wager was deemed so well worthy of attention, that the surrounding villages were all alive to the issue. After many severe rounds, and a long running fight, the shepherd was declared victor, and carried off his fair prize in triumph.

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A
# VOCABULARY
OF
# CARVING PHRASES.

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*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

As I do not remember that you have at any time presented to your readers, the different terms of carving made use of at all sporting tables of elegance, the following may perhaps be allowed by you to have a place.

*Cut up* a Turkey.
*Rear* a Goose.
*Unlace* a Hare or Rabbit.
*Wing* a Partridge or Quail.
*Allay* a Pheasant or Teal.
*Dismember* a Hern.
*Thigh* a Woodcock.
*Display* a Crane.
*Lift* a Swan.

Thus you see our Vocabulary is not to blame, if the so indiscriminately used expression of *cut up*, is unceasingly offending the ears of

*All Amateurs in Carving.*

FRO

FROM
RURAL SPORTS, *by* W. B. DANIELS.

## THE HARE.

(*Continued from Page* 156.)

PLINY, with some degree of doubt, observes, that the flesh of the hare causes sleep, and that those eating it, look fair, lovely, and gracious for a week afterwards. This recipe is certainly more worthy of trial, from its harmless qualities, than most of the nostrums now offered to the public for improving beauty. The hinder foot of a hare worn constantly in a pocket near the part affected with rheumatism or lumbago, is said to effect a cure; but whether the hare possesses any physical properties or not, it was in ancient days preserved as an omen, and Boadicea let loose a concealed hare from her bosom, immediately before her last conflict with the Romans, which by taking (what by her soldiers was thought) a fortunate course, animated them, and they gained an easy victory. The fur is much used in the manufactory of hats, and vast importations of the skins, from Russia and Siberia, are added to the quantity produced in this country.

The many doubles which the hare artfully makes, before she seats herself at day-break, and when started and hunted, all sportsmen are more or less acquainted with; they will likewise recollect, that young hares tread heavier, and therefore leave a stronger scent than the old; that in woods the scent is stronger than in the open country; and some old huntsmen assert, that the large wood hares, naturally give a greater scent than those bred in the fields: it is, however, generally observed, that when hares feed on green corn they leave the greatest scent, and are most eagerly pursued by the hounds; to compel the hare to run an end, and leave the circle she would otherwise repeatedly go over, it is requisite the hounds should be properly chosen for the country they are to hunt in. The beagle crossed from the dwarf fox hound, (of which, the late Mr. Houblon, of Hallingbury Place, in Essex, and Mr. Potter, of New Barns, in the Isle of Ely, had each a pack, the most complete specimens, as to size and figure, ever seen,) are the fittest for a champaign country. The dwarf fox hound suits a more inclosed one, and where a certain degree of speed is necessary, to force a hare from her foil.

The real bred harrier is well adapted where the chase is wished to be protracted, yet not extended in point of distance; and the compiler once saw at Mr. Weld's, in Lancashire, a numerous pack of hounds kept for hare-hunting, the least of which stood twenty-two inches, and the huntsman with a pole went on foot; true it is, this pack could not well be followed otherwise, as they chiefly hunted upon, or the hares they started immediately made for, the fells, which were impassable for horsemen. These hounds were kept more for their melody than speed, yet their noses were so excellent they seldom missed their object. This sort is the old English hound, described by Whitaker in his History of Manchester, as the original breed of this island, and as used by the ancient Britons in the chase of the larger kinds of game. But various as are the sorts of hounds, and heavy the expence of keeping them, yet the manner in which the following little pack was managed, by the persevering economy of their owner, merits remark. With half-a-dozen children, as many couple of hounds, and two hunters, did Mr. Osbaldeston,

ston, clerk to an atorney, keep himself, family, and these dogs and horses, upon Sixty Pounds per annum. This also was effected in London, without running in debt, and with always a good coat on his back. To explain this seeming impossibility, it should be observed, that after the expiration of the office hours, Mr. O. acted as an accountant for the butchers in Clare-market, who paid him in offal; the choicest morsels of this he selected for himself and family, and with the rest he fed his hounds, which were kept in the garret. His horses were lodged in his cellar, and fed on grains from a neighbouring brewhouse, and on damaged corn, with which he was supplied by a corn-chandler, whose books he kept in order. Once or twice a week in the season he hunted, and by giving a hare, now and then, to the farmers over whose grounds he sported, he secured their good will and permission; and several gentlemen, struck with the extraordinary economical mode of his hunting arrangements, which were generally known, winked at his going over their manors. Mr. O. was the younger son of a gentleman of good family, but small fortune, in the north of England, and having imprudently married one of his father's servants, was turned out of doors, with no other fortune than a southern hound, big with pup, and whose offspring from that time became a source of amusement to him.

Having digressed, in order to describe a remarkable instance of fondness for the chase of the hare, and of parsimony in a hunting establishment to pursue it, it may be excused if the digression is continued, for the purpose of sketching a sportsman of the last age, as it may shew, that however we may have excelled in fashionable manners, it has been at the expence of abolishing a class of men, who formed no inconsiderable link of the chain, between the peer and the peasant in this country. This character, now worn out and gone, was the independent gentleman, of three or four hundred pounds a year, who commonly appeared in his drab or plush coat, with large silver buttons, and rarely without boots. His time was principally spent in field amusements, and his travels never exceeded the distance of the county town, and that only at assizes and sessions, or to attend an election. A journey to London was, by one of these men, reckoned as great an undertaking, as is at present a voyage to the East Indies, and undertaken with scarce less precaution and preparation. At church upon a Sunday he always appeared, never played cards but at Christmas, when he exchanged his usual beverage of ale for a bowl of strong brandy punch, garnished with a toast and nutmeg.

The mansion of one of these "squires," was of plaister, or of red brick, striped with timber, called Callimancho work, large casemented bow windows, a porch with seats in it, and over it a study; the eaves of the house well inhabited by martins, and the court set round with holly-hocks and clipt yews. The hall was provided with flitches of bacon, and the mantlepiece with fowling-pieces and fishing-roads of different dimensions, accompanied by the broad sword, partisan, and dagger, borne by his ancestors in the civil wars; the vacant spaces were occupied by stags' horns. In the window lay Baker's Chronicle, Fox's Book of Martyrs, Glanvil on Witches, Quincey's Dispensatory, Bracken's Farriery, and the Gentleman's Recreation. In this room at Christmas, round a glowing fire, he entertained his tenants; here was

was told and heard exploits in hunting, and who had been the best sportsman of his time; and although the glass was in continual circulation, the traditionary tales of the village, respecting ghosts and witches, petrified them with fear. The best parlour, which was never opened but on particular occasions, was furnished with worked chairs and carpet, by some industrious female of the family, and the wainscot was decorated with portraits of his ancestors, and pictures of running horses and hunting pieces.

Among the out-offices of the house was a warm stable for his horses, and a good kennel for his hounds; and near the gate was the horse-block, for the conveniency of mounting.

But these men and their houses are no more. The luxury of the times has obliged them to quit the country, to become the humble dependants on great men, and to solicit a place or a commission; to live in London, to rack their tenants, and draw their rents before due. The venerable mansion is suffered to tumble down, or is partly upheld as a farm-house, until, after a few years, the estate is conveyed to the steward of the neighbouring lord, or else to some nabob, limb of the law, or contractor.

The Memoirs of the Honourable William Hastings, as written by Lord Chancellor Shaftesbury, are, perhaps, still more descriptive of the old sportsman.

"In the year 1638," says the noble Earl, "lived Mr. Hastings, at Woodlands, in the county of Southampton. By his quality, son, brother, and uncle, to the Earls of Huntingdon. He was, peradventure, an original in our age, or rather the copy of our ancient nobility in hunting, not in warlike, times. He was very low, strong, and active, with reddish flaxen hair. His cloaths, which when new were never worth five pounds, were of green cloth. His house was perfectly old fashioned, in the midst of a large park, well stocked with deer and rabbits, many fish-ponds, great store of wood and timber, a bowling green in it, long but narrow, full of high ridges, never having been levelled since it was ploughed; round sand bowls were used, and it had a banquetting house like a stand, built in a tree.

"Mr. H. kept all manner of hounds that run buck, fox, hare, otter, and badger; hawks both long and short winged. He had all sorts of nets for fish. A walk in the New Forest, and the manor of Christchurch: this last supplied him with red deer, sea and river fish: and, indeed, all his neighbours' grounds and royalties were free to him, who bestowed all his time on these sports, but what he borrowed to caress his neighbours' wives and daughters, there not being a woman in all his walks, of the degree of a yeoman's wife, and under the age of forty, but it was extremely her fault, if he was not intimately acquainted with her. This made him popular, always speaking kindly to the husband, brother, or father, and making them welcome at his mansion, where they found beef, pudding, and small beer, and a house not so neatly kept as to shame him or his dirty shoes; the great hall strewed with marrow-bones, full of hawks, perches, hounds, spaniels, and terriers; the upper side of the hall, hung with the fox skins of this and the last year's killing, here and there a martin cat intermixed, and gamekeepers and hunters poles in abundance.

"The parlour was a large room as properly furnished. On a hearth paved with brick, lay some terriers, and the choicest hounds and spaniels. Seldom less than two of the great

great chairs had litters of kittens on them, which were not to be disturbed, he always having three or four cats attending him at dinner; and to defend such meat as he had no mind to part with, he kept order with a short white stick that lay by him.

"The windows, which were very large, served for places to lay his arrows, cross-bows, and other such accoutrements. The corners of the room were full of the best chose hunting and hawking poles. An oyster table at the lower end, which was in constant use twice a day all the year round, for he never failed to eat oysters, before dinner and supper, through all seasons. In the upper part of the room were two small tables and a desk; on the one side of the desk was a church bible, and on the other the Book of Martyrs. Upon the tables were hawks' hoods, bells, &c. two or three old green hats, with their crowns thrust in, so as to hold ten or a dozen eggs, which were of a pheasant kind of poultry; these he took much care of, and fed himself. Tables, boxes, dice, cards, were not wanting. In the holes of the desk was store of old used tobacco-pipes.

"On one side of this end of the room, was the door of a closet, wherein stood the strong beer and the wine, which never came thence but in single glasses, that being the rule of the house exactly observed; for he never exceeded in drinking, nor ever permitted it.

"On the other side was the door into an old chapel, not used for devotion. The pulpit, as the safest place, never wanted a cold chine of beef, venison pasty, gammon of bacon, or a great apple pie, with a thick crust extremely baked. His table cost him not much, though it was always well supplied. His sports furnished all but beef and mutton, except Fridays, when he had the best of salt as well as other fish, he could get; and this was the day on which his neighbours of the first quality visited him.

"He never wanted a London pudding, and always sung it in with—"my pert eyes therein a." He drank a glass or two at meals, very often syrup of gillyflowers in his sack, and always a tun glass stood by him, holding a pint of small beer, which he often stirred with rosemary. He was affable, but soon angry, calling his servants bastards and cuckoldy knaves, in one of which he often spoke truth to his own knowledge, and sometimes both, of the same person. He lived to be an hundred, never lost his eye-sight, but always wrote and read without spectacles, and got on horseback without help. Until past fourscore years old, he rode up to the death of a stag as well as any man." A portrait of this gentleman is now at Winbourn St. Giles, Dorsetshire, the seat of the Earl of Shaftesbury.

To these accounts of the sportsmen of former times, will now be added some extraordinary efforts, which hares have made when hunted, to escape their modern pursuers; and the following instances will prove, that hares when pressed in the chase, will brave every danger, even in an element the most unfavourable to their exertions, and will also testify their stoutness as well as speed.

In February 1789, the hounds of Mr. Barnard, of Lindsell Hall, found a hare near Felsted, in Essex, which was taken alive out of a drain in a farm yard, after running upwards of twenty miles in little better than two hours.

In the same year, a match was made in Wiltshire between two hounds,

hounds, as to speed, and that they should kill a hare by themselves; the hare was started upon Stoke Down, and it was supposed that they ran near fifteen miles in three quarters of an hour, when the hare was killed by a hound that carried four pounds weight of shot.

In October 1792, a hare, after a chase of sixteen miles by the Seaford hounds, took the sea near Cuckmere, in Sussex, and swam a quarter of a mile from shore, before she was overtaken by the dogs.

Lord Ongley's harriers, in March 1798, in the course of a very hard chase of three hours, ran a hare through part of eight parishes and three counties.

For coursing, hares on marshes or Downs are the stoutest. The open country about Swaffham, in Norfolk, and the Downs in Wiltshire, are both noted, but above all the Flixton Wolds in Yorkshire; the hares are there preserved with great care for this amusement, which exhibits racing in miniature, with a living goal in lieu of a fixed one, to terminate the race: it has numerous admirers, though little of novelty in its progress or duration; it does not animate like the chase, and affords scarce any interest to the spectators, except to those individuals engaged in the stake contended for.

It is not unfrequent, in an inclosed country, for the hare to betake herself to the wood or brick drain under gateways, when overrated by the greyhound: and there was once a story published, of some would-be sportsmen, who blocked up this sort of retreat the third course, although puss had a second time beat their dogs, and sheltered herself in it, after being turned out at least two miles from the spot.

*(To be continued.)*

*For the Sporting Magazine.*

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## ACCOUNT

OF

## *A Man Executed for Sheepstealing, without the interference of the Law.*

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IN the year 1801, when the quartern loaf was at one shilling and ten-pence halfpenny, and a pound of good flesh could not be bought under eighteen-pence, a poor day-labouring man, named William Hathaway, had so great a desire for a bit of good mutton, that he determined to take a sheep from the park of Lord ——. For that purpose, in the dead of the night, William entered the fold belonging to the great man, and, having selected a sheep to answer his desires, bound his feet together, and put them over his forehead as the porter doth his knot, and in this way took his departure; when coming to the five-bar gate that separated the park from the high-road, he attempted to cover it with his fleecy burden: But, alas! his foot slipping in the descent, poor Hathaway fell, and the feet of the sheep shifting to his throat, he became instantly suspended, the sheep on one side and William on the other, where, no one coming to his relief, together with the struggles of the animal, he was found stone dead in the morning; and in that state was suffered to remain by the parish, till the coroner had taken an inquisition, when a jury of villagers brought in the following

VERDICT:

"Executed for sheep-stealing by Providence, without the interference of the law."

To

*To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.*

GENTLEMEN,

I READ with a considerable degree of surprise the declamatory letter of Philostatus on the Game Laws, which I was induced to peruse, in hopes of finding something new; but though he has "called spirits from the vasty deep," to prove the antiquity of his pretensions, I was neither gratified with information nor argument. I give him full credit for his disinterested feelings on the occasion; and as he says he is a qualified person, and doubtless has an extensive manor, I devoutly wish that the frock-covered Nimrods of his neighbourhood may snare his hares, and net his partridges, that at least on his own property his philanthropic soul may enjoy the pleasure of seeing these sporting rights of man altogether unrestrained.

Philostatus has assured us that men killed game before the deluge. It may be so; but I am not aware that there is any record of these antediluvian sportsmen. It does not appear to me, that he supports his doctrine one item, by informing us, that Nimrod and Esau loved the chase; nor is there any analogy between ancient days and the present. To tell us, that in early times all men had the privilege of killing game—times when mankind in almost savage misery looked to the chase for the immediate necessaries of life—surely does not prove that the same rights and habits must continue in a civilized state of society. These rights and habits exist at this moment in the wilds of America, but must cease when distinction of property and division of labour is introduced among these wandering and predatory tribes. I am sorry that my friend Philostatus allows himself to be rather severe on brother freeholders, whose courage he does not seem to estimate very highly. Like a truly honest man, he probably judges from that freeholder with whose nerves he is best acquainted: but he should not found a general rule on an exception.

I do not avow myself the champion of the Game Laws in all their latitude, and all their modifications. I must, with respect to such a combat, furnish my friend Philostatus with another timorous freeholder. But this far I will venture to assert, that to kill game cannot be an universal privilege, and that a man may be as much restrained from destroying game, as from cutting cabbage in another's garden, or turnips from another's field. These would be natural rights where private property was unknown, but must cease where it is acknowledged. I doubt if Nimrod the mighty hunter would have been more punctilious in this respect than in taking venison. Can Philostatus imagine, that as the right of killing game was primeval, and existed before property was known, that each individual who acquires land takes it with the burthen of this existing right? What must be his ideas of property? What value would he put on an estate which the gunmakers of Birmingham might traverse at pleasure—the Manchester cotton spinners, Spittalfields weavers, or the tight lads of St. Giles's? On the mere principle of right of property, without statutary penalties, distinctions, and qualifications, the privilege of killing game must rest entirely with landholders; for, assuredly, if I really have the full and exclusive right of using my land as I please, I am entitled to say to any man, as Philostatus says, *Huc non amplius est precedendum*—You shall not put a foot on my ground. So that, were all the Game Laws abolished,

abolished, the labourer and artisan, and in short every person but a proprietor of land, must inevitably be excluded from all right to kill game; for, without the landholder's permission, he cannot exercise this natural right, if such can be said to exist. I am, Sir, your constant Reader and Friend,

ANTEDILUVIAN.

*January* 15, 1803.

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*For the Sporting Magazine.*

## HANDFISTING.

*A Custom at Langholm, in Scotland, not dissimilar to the Bundling of Perbeck, and that Custom still practised in many parts of America.*

AMONG many singular customs in this district, no one is more worthy our remark, than that of Handfisting. An annual fair is held, to which the young people of both sexes resort. The unmarried look out for mates, and make their engagements by joining hands, or handfisting. The man having selected his mate, desires the spectators to notice the same, and then retires with the girl of his choice, promising faithfully to cohabit with her for a whole year. On the anniversary of Langholm fair, the parties return, and either declare themselves " willing and desirous" to become man and wife for the rest of their lives, or to terminate the connection: and this is done in presence of the assembly where it began. In the latter case, the inconstant is bound to take care of the offspring of the year of probation, and no particular slander or reflection attaches to either; no pain of severe chastisement from the elders who preside for preservation of the peace; and every pair thus separated, are mutually at liberty to make a new choice!

## ALLITERATION EXTRAORDINARY.

THERE existed for a long time a violent war of pens, between Sir John Hill, the botanist and multifarious writer, and several of the wits of his day, particularly the late Samuel Foote. A well-known epigram on the dramatic efforts of Sir John,* which were not of the first order, came, we believe, from the satiric quill of Foote:

" For Physic and Farces
His equal there scarce is;
His farces are physic,
His physic a farce is!"

Lady Hill, who is lately deceased, and who was in truth an inoffensive woman, did not escape from the notice of the waggish opponent of her husband. Foote used in private to relate the following story, which, as far as the writer's recollection serves, has not been before made public, and which, it is most probable, had no other foundation than what was furnished by his own inventive talents. He supposed a *sextetto*, or family, consisting of Sir John Hill, Sir John Fielding the Police Magistrate, and the Rev. Sir W. Cheere, who were known to be on friendly terms, and their respective ladies. The gentlemen were presumed to have been left over their bottle, and the ladies to have taken their tea, and be afterwards amusing themselves with a game, fashionable at that time, called, " I love my love with a letter."

Lady Cheere, being first called upon, says, " I love my love with an *N*."—" Well, and why, my lady?"—" Because he is a *Knight!*"

Lady Fielding being summoned, replies, " I love my love with a *G*." —" Good! my lady, and why?"— " Because he is a *Justice!*"

Lady

Lady Hill, her turn being come, is invited to designate her love by the initial of his occupation, and being unwilling to surpass her friends either in wit or orthography, says, "I love my love with an *F.*"—"And why?"—"Because he is a *Physician!*"

The only reason which can be suggested to fasten a little improbability on this waggish story, in these incredulous times, is, that three ladies should be found to declare in confidence to each other, that they had respectively fixed their loves—upon their *husbands!*

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*For the Sporting Magazine.*

## REMARKS

ON

*The impropriety of destroying several Creatures falsely deemed noxious.*

IN

## A TOUR TO THE WEST.

"While vulgar errors drive the biped throng,
In Reason's spite the herd determine wrong;
Justice and Pity claim the chast'ning part,
But Satire clears the head, and mends the heart."

AS I sat at breakfast, my landlord entered the room to tell me of a fine young horse he had bought the day before, and that the farrier had just trimmed and nicked him for the saddle; that he was in a stable near at hand, and if I would take a walk with him, he would shew me, for shape and make, one of the finest geldings in the county of Hants. The moment we reached the yard, the stable door flew open, and I beheld the miserable creature in a state that made me shudder from the sole of my foot to the crown of my head. His tail had received four dismal gashes in the most tender part, and drawn upward by a weight suspending from a pulley, to remain in that state till time had healed his wounds, and the lacerated member contracted to an upright, or fashionable position. I turned in haste from the bleeding object; and, filled with reflections, hastened to my chamber, to give vent to softer feelings, and record such remarks as are no way honourable to my own species.

What a merciless monster is man! thought I. To gratify his whim or caprice nothing helpless can stand unhurt before him. The beauties of creation to him are imperfect, and, in the abundance of his imaginary consequence, he presumes to become a mender of unerring Nature.

Impelled by hunger, the lion seizes on his defenceless prey; and, having gratified the great call of necessity, retires content, till a similar impulse urges him to a repetition: but man, without the same motive, preys continually on all the creatures destined to breathe within the circle of his power; and, less generous than the magnanimous lion, puts them to living tortures and disgrace, but to sanctify the absurd opinions fostered by vulgar errors. With the graceful and majestic horse, the most useful of domestic animals, he is out of temper. This unfortunate quadruped is no sooner the slave of man, than he is deprived of that friendly instrument given him to whisk off the blood-sucking fly: that tail, which was intended by Providence to be pendant, for the purposes of decency, his tyrant master, by slicing its cartilaginous parts, and leaving them time to cicatrize, gives it a vertical position for

for ever. His ears, also, are thought too long; and to please the false taste of his imperious lord, the generous steed must become a crop! His generative possessions are also conceived to be a burden to him; and, to use the phrase of a celebrated naturalist, "to cherish his owner's folly, this beautiful quadruped is manufactured into a non-descript, and blotted from the Great Book of Nature."

The feathered creation cannot escape the cruel propensity. This ridiculous brat taste, the very spawn of vulgar error, is always for improving nature. With a burning needle, the unfeeling hand of man deprives the poor finch of his eyesight, under pretence that blindness will improve his vernal song, and mellow his notes for the fastidious ear of his keeper. And how the game-cock, as he is called, is trimmed of his gorgeous robes, for the battle, is too frequent before the sight of the observer to need a comment. To be brief, the follies and the evils which arise from vulgar error, or senseless prejudice, are too multifarious, and ought to be encountered, for the protection of the unoffending animal, and for the credit of human nature.

I seldom turn me from one parish to another, that some local absurdity doth not present itself to call to my cheek the blush, the burning blush! of resentment for the cruelty, or the weakness of my fellow man. I was thus moralizing, when interrupted by a battle in the inn-yard between two post-boys, so I left my noisy station for a calmer walk towards the river Itchin. As I was passing through St. Mary's church-yard, I observed, upon the door of the belfry, a very conspicuous paper, signifying that the churchwardens and overseers of that parish, for the encouragement of vermin-killers, would give six-pence for every hedge-hog, and four-pence a dozen for all destructive small birds, with a great number of articles equally curious. As I turned from this register of folly, the next object of attraction was a venerable yew-tree, and upon its long arms a great number of these proscribed creatures were dancing by the neck to the whistle of the vernal breezes. Among so many harmless objects of persecution, I observed the poor swallow, that seeks our insulated shores to enjoy a summer of repose, and pay for the quiet he expects with his best services. Near this a great variety of small birds displayed their beautiful plumage to the sun-beams. Beside these, the painted wood-pecker, the vermin-killing jay, and about half a dozen hedge-hogs—all! all! the victims of prejudice engendered by provincial absurdity, superstition, or the tales of dream-telling old women. Would to Heaven, said I to myself, I might be permitted to address the farmers on this practice; I would say to them thus—What has the industrious swallow done to be so severely treated? Let the hand of cruelty, when it next draws the trigger of destruction, open the bleeding bosom of this humble traveller, and the eye will find the stomach of the swallow filled with those summer spiders that spread the tender grass with their filthy curtains. When we behold the kind stranger skimming just above the surface of our meadows, he is in the act of devouring those insects that disfigure and encumber the rising crop, for the benefit of the master. And, O! ye blind followers of vulgar error, what crime attaches to the merry tom-titt? Spare the pretty blue-nun; for when you behold her busy about the buds and blossoms of your fruit-trees, she is carefully employed for your advantage. She is

the instrument of good in the hand of Providence, industriously seeking such profitless beings as would contaminate your sweetest hope, and spoil the beverage of your autumnal cup. Wherefore hang you the gaudy woodpecker? When you hear him strike his strong beak into the stubborn bark, he has found out an enemy to your property, and when his shrill voice echoes through the vallies, he has caught his prey, and only devouring the maggot whose offspring destroys the pride of your groves and orchards. The screeming jay is not the foe you suspect: he may sometimes take the cherry from your tree; and it is his just demand, for he kills the fetid bug, whose very touch poisons the tenderest fruit of your gardens, and whose scent, to the nostrils of delicacy, is more offensive than asafœtida. But, above all, ye sons of cruelty, save the too much insulted hedge-hog; and the unmerited pence you lavish on the vermin-killer give to your parochial poor. The injustice you attribute to this useful creature is also founded in vulgar error: no one ever saw him touch the lacteal fountains of the domestic cow: there cannot be any thing found on earth of a more harmless disposition. I have long watched the economy of the hedge-hog, and find to a certainty that he has no desire for milk, apples, or any other fruit. This poor, solitary animal, the victim of proscribing parish laws, is one of your best friends. You will find him in the night, when more favoured creatures are at rest, turning up the foliage of your edibles, and clearing them of snails, beetles, worms, and other offending reptiles; and, when he has done you this service, at the appearance of the dawn, peaceably withdraws to his cover, rolls himself in his sharp suit of natural armour, and is not seen till night returns, and then only to do you more good offices. O, farmers! for this you set a price upon his head; for these acts of kindness he is hung upon the churchyard-yew. Will men for ever yield to absurdities, and put out the eyes of reason? Instead of shooting the passing swallow, stringing the blue-nun, the painted woodpecker, and the chattering jay, it were better to cherish them with friendship; and, above all, that truly valuable friend to man, the hedge-hog. Go then, and believe me, it will not only attach to your credit, but warmly gratify the breast of a faithful advocate for Heaven's persecuted creatures.

I had some inclination to publish these observations in the provincial papers; but, upon application, Mr. Printer assured me they must be paid for, as he had such a press of advertisements, that no room could be spared for "speculative materials;" therefore, friend Wheble, I have put them together in this shape, for the perusal of those whose sympathizing spirits are congenial with your own, and whose contempt for vulgar errors equal that of your very humble servant,

*Southampton*, T. N.

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## DESCRIPTION OF A FOX-CHASE,

*Inserted by the particular desire of a Correspondent.*

THE hour most favourable to this diversion, is certainly an early one; nor do I think I can fix it better than to say, the hounds should be at the cover at sun-rising. Let us suppose that we are arrived at the cover-side.

Now

Now let your huntsman throw in his hounds as quietly as he can, and let the two whippers-in keep wide of him on either hand, so that a single hound may not escape them; let them be attentive to his halloo, and be ready to encourage, or rate, as that directs; he will of course, draw up the wind, for reasons which I shall give, in another place. Now, if you can keep your brother sportsmen in order, and put any discretion into them, you are in luck; they more frequently do harm than good: if it be possible, persuade those who wish to halloo the fox off, to stand quiet under the cover side, and on no account to halloo him too soon: if they do, he most certainly will turn back again: could you entice them all into the cover, your sport, in all probability would not be the worse for it.

How well the hounds spread the cover! the huntsman you see is quite deserted, and his horse, who so lately had a croud at his heels, has not one attendant left. How steadily they draw! you hear not a single hound; yet none are idle. Is not this better than to be subject to continual disappointment, from the eternal babbling of unsteady hounds?

How musical their tongues!—And as they get nearer to him, how the chorus fills!—Hark! he is found.—Now, where are all your sorrows, and your cares, ye gloomy souls! or where your pains and aches, ye complaining ones! one halloo has dispelled them all. What a crash they make! and echo seemingly takes pleasure to repeat the sound. The astonished traveller forsakes his road, lured by its melody; the listening ploughman now stops his plough; and every distant shepherd neglects his flock, and runs to see him break. What joy! what eagerness in every face!

Mark how he runs the cover's utmost limits, yet dares not venture forth; the hounds are still too near!—that check is lucky!—now if our friends head him not, he will soon be off—hark! they halloo: by G—d he's gone!

Now huntsman get on with the head hounds; the whipper-in will bring on the others after you: keep an attentive eye on the leading hounds, that should the scent fail them, you may know at least how far they brought it.

Mind Galloper, how he leads them!—it is difficult to distinguish which is first, they run in such a style; yet he is the foremost hound. The goodness of his nose is not less excellent than his speed: How he carries the scent! and when he loses it, see how eagerly he flings to recover it again!—There—now he's at head again!—see how they top the hedge!—now, how they mount the hill!—observe what a head they carry; and shew me, if thou canst, one shuffler or skirter amongst them all: Are they not like a parcel of brave fellows, who, when they engage in an undertaking, determine to share the fatigue, and its dangers, equally amongst them?

It was then the fox I saw, as we came down the hill; those crows directed me which way to look, and the sheep ran from him as he passed along. The hounds are now on the very spot, yet the sheep stop them not, for they dart beyond them. Now see with what eagerness they cross the plain! Galloper no longer keeps his place, Brusher takes it—see how he flings for the scent, and how impetuously he runs! How eagerly he took the lead, and how he strives to keep it—yet Victor comes up a-pace. He reaches him!—see what an excellent race it is between them!—it is doubtful which will reach

the cover first. How equally they run!—how eagerly they strain!—now Victor—Victor!—ah, Brusher, you are beaten; Victor first tops the hedge.—See there! see how they all take it in their strokes! the hedge cracks with their weight; so many jump at once.

Now hastes the whipper-in to the other side of the cover; he is right, unless he head the fox.

Listen!—the hounds have turned.—They are now in two parts: The fox has been headed back, and we have changed at last.—Now, my lad, mind the huntsman's halloo, and stop to those hounds which he encourages.—He is right! that, doubtless, is the hunted fox:—Now they are off again.

Ha! a check!—Now for a moment's patience!—we press too close upon the hounds!—Huntsman, stand still; as yet they want you not.—How admirably they spread! how wide they cast! is there a single hound that does not try? if there be, never shall he hunt again. There, Trueman is on the scent—he feathers, yet still is doubtful—'tis right! how readily they join him! see those wide casting hounds, how they fly forward to recover the ground they have lost!—mind Lightning, how she dashes; and Mungo, how he works! old Frantic too, now pushes forward; she knows, as well as we, the fox is sinking.

Huntsman! at fault at last? how far did you bring the scent; have the hounds made their own cast? now make yours. You see that sheep-dog has coursed the fox;—get forward with your hounds, and make a wide cast.

Hark! that hollow is indeed a lucky one. If we can hold him on, we may yet recover him; for a fox so much distressed, must stop at last. We shall now see if they will hunt, as well as run; for there is but little scent, and the impending cloud still makes that little less. How they enjoy the scent! see how busy they all are, and how each in his turn prevails.

Huntsman! be quiet! whilst the scent was good, you pressed on your hounds; it was well done: when they came to a check, you stood still, and interrupted them not: they were afterwards at fault; you made your cast with judgment, and lost no time. You now must let them hunt; with such a cold scent as this, you can do no good; they must do it all themselves; lift them now, and not a hound will stoop again.

Ha! a high road, at such a time as this, when the tenderest nosed hound can hardly own the scent!—another fault! that man at work, then, has headed back the fox. Huntsman! cast not your hounds now, you see they have over-run the scent; have a little patience, and let them, for once, try back.

We now must give them time: See where they bend towards yonder furze brake—I wish he may have stopped there!—mind that old hound, how he dashes o'er the furze; I think he winds him;—Now for a fresh *entapis!*—Hark! they halloo!—aye, there he goes.

It is nearly over with him; had the hounds caught view he must have died. He will hardly reach the cover; see how they gain upon him at every stroke!—It is an admirable race! yet the cover saves him.

Now be quiet, and he cannot escape us, we have the wind of the hounds, and cannot be better placed:—how short he runs!—he is now in the very strongest part of the cover. What a crash! every hound is in, and every hound is running for him. That was a quick turn!—again another!—he's put to his last shift.—Now Mischief is

at

at his heels, and death is not far off. —Ha! they all stop at once;—all silent, and yet no earth is open. Listen!—now they are at him again! did you hear that hound catch view? they over-ran the scent, and the fox had laid down behind them. Now, Reynard, look to yourself! —how quick they all give their tongues! — Little Dreadnought, how he works him! the terriers too, they now are squeaking at him. How close Vengeance pursues! —how terribly she presses!—it is just up with him!—Gods! what a crash they make; the whole wood resounds!—that turn was very short!—there!—now!—aye, now they have him! who-hoop!

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UPON THE
MODERN DISCOVERIES
OF THE
## MAMMOTH OR BEHEMOTH.

AS an acquaintance with the nature of all beasts of prey is essentially necessary to the sons of the chase, an account of the recent disquisitions into the existence and properties of this wonderful animal, the terror of ancient times, may be found a subject not unamusing even to those who are averse to recondite and abstruse disquisitions.

Relative to the existence of this singular animal in former ages, it should be observed, almost all the learned naturalists are now agreed. By Sir Hans Sloane, Gmelin, Buffon, it is generally described; and more particularly by Mr. C. W. Peale of America: and this important discovery having rendered a minute and comprehensive acquaintance with the Mammoth more interesting than ever, it may suffice to say, that its remains have so much resemblance with the elephant, as often to be taken for the very same. Recent investigation, however, from comparing the bones of both, has proved that the Mammoth, though something like the elephant in its general appearance, is essentially different; as its tusks and grinders are evidently of a superior size, and a carnivorous form, being five times larger than those of the elephant; besides, its back is not round like an elephant's, but sharp or ridgy, like that of a hog.

The Mammoth also seems to have been about four or five yards high, and near thirty feet long. The head, likewise long, and the front very broad. It has also a horn on each side of the head, exactly under the eyes; and these horns, it is supposed, he could move and cross at pleasure; and that in running he could extend his body to a very great degree. The surprising extension of its chest, also indicates great capacity of lungs, and consequent swiftness; which is more strongly evinced by the comparative proportion of the bones of its legs and thighs, with those of the horse. Mr. Pennant thinks it may still exist in some of the remotest parts of the vast continent of America, as yet unpenetrated by Europeans: nevertheless, it is certain that its remains have been found upon that continent only, and in the cold regions of Siberia. The Mammoth also appears to have been created to exist in the extremes of cold, just as the elephant subsists in those of heat.

Mr. C. W. Peale of America, the most successful among modern inquirers, informs us, in a printed account which he has dedicated to Sir Joseph Banks, "the world is now in possession of two undisputed skeletons of this animal, one of them lodged in the Museum at Philadelphia, and another, which he has

has brought with him to the metropolis of England, with an intention to travel through Europe," with these valuable remains, collected by his father in the mountains and morasses of Shawangunk, near Hudson's river. Its former existence is also proved in the sublime language of Holy Writ, see Job, xl. verse 15 to the end, and whose extraordinary dimensions being now ultimately known, may justly astonish the world; and respecting its modern name, Count Strahlenberg observes in his Geography, that Mammoth is a Russian term; a corruption of the Arabic Mehemoth; signifying the same as the Behemoth of Job. The following is an outline of its dimensions: — Heighth over the shoulders eleven feet—hips nine feet. Length from the chin to the rump, fifteen feet. From the end of the tail, to the point of the tusk, thirty one feet. In a strait line twenty feet. Of the breast-bone four feet. Of the under jaw, eight feet ten inches. Width of the head, three feet two inches. Hips and body, five feet eight inches. Weight of bones only, one thousand pounds; and the teeth or grinders from four to nine pounds each!

Concerning the peculiarity of its existence in the northern extremities of the world only, it has been ingeniously observed, that, from the 30th degree of south latitude, to the 30th of north, are nearly the limits which nature has fixed for the existence and multiplication of the elephant to us. Proceeding thence northwardly to 36½ degrees, we enter those assigned to the Mammoth. The farther we advance north, the more their vestiges multiply, as far as the earth has been explored in that direction; and it is as probable as otherwise, that this progression continues to the pole itself, if land extends so far. The centre of the frozen zone then may be the acme of their vigour, as that of the torrid is of the elephant. Thus Nature seems to have drawn a belt of separation between these two tremendous animals, whose breadth indeed is not precisely known, though at present we may suppose it about 6½ degrees of latitude; to have assigned to the elephant the regions south of these confines, and those north to the Mammoth, founding the constitution of the one in the extreme of heat, and that of the other in the extreme of cold. When the Creator has therefore separated their nature so far as the extent of the scale of animal life allowed to this planet, would permit, it seems perverse to declare it the same, from a partial resemblance of their tusks and bones. But, to whatever animal we ascribe these remains, it is certain such a one has existed in America, and that it was the largest of all terrestrial beings, of which any traces have yet appeared.

The learned Mr. J. Bryant and Mr. Edward King, confirm the former existence of this animal, particularly in Siberia; but some philosophers seem to think the extinction of its species, rather a mercy than a loss to mankind. But if it was possible that any doubt could remain of its being, the following sublime description from the ancient book of Job, must convince the most incredulous:

"Behold now Behemoth which I made with thee; he eateth grass as an ox. Lo now, his strength is in his loins, and his force is in the naval of his belly. He moveth his tail like a cedar: the sinews of his stones are wrapped together. His bones are as strong pieces of brass; his bones are like bars of iron. He is the chief of the ways of God; he that made him can make his sword to approach unto him. Surely the mountains bring him forth

food,

food, where all the beasts of the field play. He lieth under the shady trees, in the covert of the reeds and fens. The shady trees cover him with their shadow; the willows of the brook compass him about. Behold he drinketh up a river and hasteth not; he trusteth that he can draw up Jordan with his mouth. He taketh it with his eyes; his nose pierceth through snares."—Job, chap xl. ver. 15, to the end.

Some persons, with the face of probability, have objected to its being the Mammoth which Job describes, because his animal is granivorous, or an eater of grass, whereas the teeth of the animal whose remains are now so plenteous, are evidently carnivorous, or framed for eating flesh. It is probable that it devoured both. However, the learned Mr. Whitaker, who has taken upon him to prove this animal the same as that described by Job, may have sufficiently solved all those objections; as he seems to have displayed an uncommon fund of curious information to those who are fond of researches into the arcana of natural history.

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## ARMS, DRESS, GAMES, &c.

OF THE

*Savages in Parts of America, hitherto unexplored,*

FROM

MACKENZIE'S VOYAGES.

THE author, speaking of the Indians, of the Great Peace River, says, "They are low in stature, not exceeding five feet six or seven inches; and they are of that meagre appearance which might be expected in a people whose life is one succession of difficulties in procuring subsistence. Their faces are round, with high cheek bones; and their eyes, which are small, are of a dark brown colour: the cartilage of their nose is perforated, but without any ornaments suspended from it; their hair is of dingy black, hanging loose and in disorder over their shoulders, but irregularly cut in the front, so as not to obstruct the sight; their beards are eradicated, with the exception of a few straggling hairs, and their complexion is a swarthy yellow.

"Their dress consists of robes, made of skins of the beaver, the ground-hog, and the rein-deer, dressed in the hair, and of the moose-deer skin without it. All of them are ornamented with a fringe; while some of them have tassels hanging down the seams; those of the ground-hog, are decorated, on the fur fide, with the tails of the animals, which they do not separate from them. Their garments they tie over the shoulders, and fasten them round the middle with a belt of green skin, which is as stiff as horn. Their leggins are long; and, if they were topped with a waistband, might be called trowsers: they, as well as their shoes, are made of dressed moose, elk, or rein-deer skin. The organs of generation they leave uncovered.

"The women differ little in their dress from the men, except in the addition of an apron, which is fastened round the waist, and hangs down to the knees. They are in general of a more lusty make than the other sex, and taller in proportion, but infinitely their inferiors in cleanliness. A black artificial stripe crosses the face beneath the eye, from ear to ear, which I first took for scabs, from the accumulation of dirt on it. Their hair, which is longer than that of the men, is divided from the forehead to the crown, and drawn back in long plaits behind the ears. They have also a few white beads, which they get

get where they procure their iron: they are from a line to an inch in length, and are worn in their ears, but are not of European manufacture. These, with bracelets made of horn and bone, compose all the ornaments which decorate their persons. Necklaces of the grisly or white bear's claws are worn exclusively by the men.

"Their arms consist of bows, made of cedar, six feet in length, with a short iron spike at one end, and serve occasionally as a spear. Their arrows are well made, barbed and pointed with iron, flint stone, or bone; they are feathered, and from two to two feet and an half in length. They have two kinds of spears, but both are double-edged, of well polished iron; one of them is about twelve inches long and two wide: the other, about half the width and two thirds of the length. The shafts of the first are eight feet in length, and the latter six. They have also spears made of bone. Their knives consist of pieces of iron, shaped and handled by themselves. Their axes are something like our adze, and they use them in the same manner as we employ that instrument. They were indeed furnished with iron in a manner that I could not have supposed; and plainly proved to me, that their communication with those who communicate with the inhabitants of the sea-coast cannot be very difficult: and, from their ample provision of iron weapons, the means of procuring it must be of a more distant origin than I had at first conjectured.

"They have snares, made of green skin, which they cut to the size of sturgeon twine, and twist a certain number of them together; and though, when completed, they do not exceed the thickness of a cod line, their strength is sufficient to hold a moose-deer: they are from one and an half to two fathoms in length. Their nets and fishing-lines are made of willow-bark and nettles; those made of the latter, are finer and smoother than if made with hempen thread. Their hooks are small bones, fixed in pieces of wood split for that purpose, and tied round with fine watape, which has been particularly described in the former voyage. Their kettles are also made of watape, which is so closely woven, that they never leak; and they heat water in them by putting red-hot stones in it. There is one kind of them made of spruce-bark, which they hang over the fire, but at such a distance as to receive the heat without being within reach of the blaze; a very tedious operation. They have various dishes of wood and bark; spoons of horn and wood, and buckets; bags of leather and net work, and baskets of bark, some of which hold their fishing-tackle, while others are contrived to be carried on the back. They have a brown kind of earth in great abundance, with which they rub their cloaths, not only for ornament but utility, as it prevents the leather from becoming hard after it has been wetted. They have spruce-bark in great plenty, with which they make their canoes; an operation that does not require any great portion of skill or ingenuity, and is managed in the following manner: The bark is taken off the tree, the whole length of the intended canoe, which is commonly about eighteen feet, and is sewed with watape, at both ends; two laths are then laid, and fixed along the edge of the bark, which forms the gunwale; in these are fixed the bars, and against them bear the ribs or timbers, that are cut to the length to which the bark can be stretched; and, to give additional strength, strips of wood are laid between them:

them: to make the whole water-tight, gum is abundantly employed. These vessels carry from two to five people. Canoes of a similar construction were used by the Beaver Indians within these few years; but they now very generally employ those made of the bark of the birch tree, which are by far more durable. Their paddles are about six feet long, and about one foot is occupied by the blade, which is in the shape of an heart. Previous to our departure, the natives had caught a couple of trout, of about six pounds weight, which they brought me, and I paid them with beads. They likewise gave me a net made of nettles, the skin of a moose-deer dressed, and a white horn in the shape of a spoon, which resembles the horn of the buffalo of the Copper-Mine River; but their description of the animal to which it belongs does not answer to that. My young men got two quivers of excellent arrows, a collar of white bears' claws, of a great length, horn bracelets, and other articles, for which they received an ample remuneration."

Relative to the game of *The Platter*, Mr. Mackenzie in another place says, "I was this morning threatened with a very unpleasant event, which, however, I was fortunately enabled to control. Two young Indians being engaged in one of their games, a dispute ensued, which rose to such an height, that they drew their knives; and, if I had not happened to have appeared, they would, I doubt not, have employed them to very bloody purposes. So violent was their rage, that, after I had turned them both out of the house, and severely reprimanded them, they stood in the fort for at least half an hour, looking at each other, with a most vindictive aspect, and in sullen silence.

"The game which produced this state of bitter enmity is called that of the Platter, from a principal article of it. The Indians play at it in the following manner:

"The instruments of it consist of a platter or dish, made of wood or bark, and six round or square, but flat pieces of metal, wood, or stone, whose sides or surfaces are of different colours. These are put into the dish; and, after being for some time shaken together, are thrown into the air, and received again in the dish, with considerable dexterity; when, by the number that are turned up of the same mark or colour, the game is regulated. If there should be equal numbers, the throw is not reckoned; if two or four, the platter changes hands.

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## SINGULAR RACE OF PEOPLE.

IN Spanish America there is an order of Strollers who are called *Gauderios*. Their mode of life resembles that of the Gypsies, except that they are not addicted to thieving. These vagabonds are very badly cloathed, their whole dress consisting only of a coarse shirt, and a worse upper garment. These articles of dress, together with horse-furniture, serve them for bedding, and a saddle for a pillow. They stroll about with a kind of small guitars, to the sound of which they sing ballads of their own composition, or such as they have learned from others. Love is in general the subject of these songs. Thus they wander about the country, and endeavour to divert the peasants, who in return, shew their gratitude by furnishing them with victuals during their stay with them, and even giving them other horses when they lose their own. This liberality and generosity will ap-

pear the less surprising, when it is considered, that in this country horses are of very little value. Great herds of them run about wild in the vast plains, and seem to belong to whoever will take the trouble of catching them. The Gauderios generally march about in parties consisting of four, and sometimes even of more. With respect to the means of procuring food, they give themselves so little concern, that when setting out on an excursion, they provide themselves only with a rope, a few balls which are fastened to the ends of the rope, and a knife. When attacked by hunger, they contrive to get one of the young cows or bulls, which run about wild, entangled in their snares. They throw the captured animal down, tie its legs together, and then cut, even before it is dead, the flesh, together with the skin, from the bone, make a few incisions in it, and thus prepared, put it to the fire; when half-roasted, it is devoured without any addition or condiment, except a little salt, when they happen to carry any with them. Some of them kill a cow merely for the purpose of obtaining the flesh between the ribs and the skin.—Others eat nothing but the tongue, which they roast on the red-hot embers. The remainder of the carcase is all left in the field, and becomes the prey of carnivorous birds and wild beasts. Others again are still more easily satisfied, taking nothing but the marrow bone, from which they cut off all the flesh, and then hold it over the fire, till the marrow becomes soft and fluid. Sometimes they practise the following singular method of cookery: having killed a cow, they take out the entrails, and, collecting all the tallow and lumps of fat, put them into the hollow carcase. They then kindle some dried cow dung, and apply it to the tallow, that it may take fire, and penetrate into the flesh and bones. For this purpose, they close up the carcase as well as possible, so that the smoke comes out at the mouth, and another aperture made in the lower part of the belly. In this manner the cow often continues roasting a whole night, or a considerable part of the day. When it is done enough, the company place themselves around, and each cuts for himself the piece he likes best, and devours it without bread or salt. What remains is left in the field, except any of them happen to carry a portion of this favourite food to some particular friend.

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## LAW.

*Court of Exchequer.*

### PENALTIES FOR GAMING.

PAINE *v.* SHAKESPEAR.

THIS was originally an action brought into the Court of King's Bench by a common informer, for the purpose of recovering the penalties appointed by the 9th of Queen Anne, against those who should be convicted of winning at cards, dice, or any unlawful game, a larger sum than L.10 at a sitting.

The money was in the present instance won at billiards; but the informer, supposing he had not sufficient evidence at law, filed a bill of discovery in this court, in order to oblige the defendant to answer upon oath. The defendant demurred to the bill, as not being of a nature which he was obliged to answer, inasmuch as its object was to recover penalties from himself.

This

This demurrer was now argued.

Mr. Plomer contended, that it was contrary to every principle of equity and justice to call upon a person by his own oath to subject himself to penalties; that a court of equity would never lend its assistance for such a purpose; were the question of penalties out of the case, and the loser of the money merely wanted to recover back the money he had so paid, in that case he thought it highly probable that the court would assist him; but in the present case, when a common informer came, after the period of three months mentioned in the act had expired, to call upon a court of equity to assist him in getting penalties, he trusted his bill would be dismissed.

Mr. Dancie, on the other side, said, that although it was certainly a general rule, that a person should not be bound to criminate himself, or subject himself to penalties, yet this, like every other general rule, had its exceptions; exceptions created by acts of parliament, and the constant practice of the court. He then stated, that in a variety of cases, that court had appeared to recognize the propriety of lending their assistance even to a common informer suing for penalties. (The Barons shook their heads, in a manner indicating their dissent to this proposition.) Mr. Dancie was then proceeding to state some cases where the court did not deny the principle he maintained,

When the Chief Baron said, that the court was not at those times called upon either to deny or admit. Those bills had been dismissed upon other grounds, and as this question was not then agitated, the court did not choose to volunteer in stirring it; but when it came distinctly before them, there was nothing in those cases to restrain their decision.

Mr. Dancie then repeated what he had before mentioned, that, not having the least expectation of this question being to be argued to day, he wished for some time to look into the cases and prepare himself.

The court then ordered this argument to stand over.

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## SPORTING WITH RARITIES.

IN this cause lately brought before the Sheriff's Court, Hurst *v.* Halford, the plaintiff was of a profession, technically called a Nicknackiterian; that is, a dealer in all manner of curiosities, such as Egyptian mummies, Indian implements of war, arrows dipped in the poison of the upas tree, bows, antique shields, helmets, &c. and was described as possessing the skin of the Cameleopard exhibited in the Roman amphitheatre, the head of the spear used by King Arthur, and the breech of the first cannon used at the siege of Constantinople; and, in short, of almost every rarity that the most ardent virtuoso would wish to possess. The defendant was the executor of a widow lady of the name of Morgan, who, in the enjoyment of a considerable fortune, indulged her fancy, and amused herself in collecting objects of natural and artificial curiosity. She had been long in the habit of purchasing a variety of rare articles of the plaintiff; she had bought of him models of the Temple of Jerusalem and the Alexandrian Library, a specimen of the type invented by Memnon the Egyptian, and a genuine manuscript of the first play acted by Thespis and his company in a waggon. For all these she had in her lifetime paid most liberally. It appeared also, she had erected a Mausoleum, in which her deceased

 husband

husband was laid, and she projected the depositing her own remains, when death should overtake her, by the side of him. The plaintiff was employed in fitting it up, and ornamenting it with a tessellated pavement; this was also paid for, and constituted no part of the present demand. This action was brought against the defendant, her executor, to recover the sum of L.40 for stuffing and embalming a bird of paradise, a fly-bird, an orang-outang, an ichneumon, and a cassowary. The defendant did not deny that the plaintiff had a claim on the estate of the deceased, but he had let judgment go by default, and attempted merely to cut down the amount of the demand. The plaintiff's foreman, or assistant, proved that the work had been done by the direction of Mrs. Morgan, and that the charge was extremely reasonable.

On the contrary, the defendant's Solicitor contended that the charge was most extravagant: he stated, that the museum of the deceased virtuoso had been sold by public auction; and, including the model of the Temple of Jerusalem and the Alexandrian Library, the antique type, Thespian manuscript, spear head, and every thing else she had been all her life collecting, it had not netted more than L.110. As to the stuffed monkies and birds, which constituted the foundation of the plaintiff's claim, they scarce had defrayed the expence of carrying them away; they were absolute rubbish. The plaintiff's attorney replied, that his client's labour was not to be appreciated by what the objects of it produced at a common sale, attended, perhaps, by brokers, who were as ignorant as the stuffed animals they were purchasing.

The Under Sheriff observed, that in matters of taste, the intrinsic value of an article was not the proper medium of ascertaining the compensation due to the labour which produced it; a virtuoso frequently expended a large sum of money for what another man would kick out of his house as lumber. If Mrs. Morgan, who it was proved was a lady of fortune, wished to amuse the gloomy hours of her widowhood by stuffing apes and birds, her executor was at least bound to pay the expence she had incurred, in indulging her whimsical fancy. He saw no reason why a single shilling of the plaintiff's demand should be subtracted.—The Jury accordingly gave a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages L.40.

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## CURIOUS AFFRAY WITH A DOG MERCHANT.

*Middlesex Sessions, January* 10.

HENRY and Mary Chittick were indicted for assaulting a police officer, named Hayward, and resisting his authority. It appeared the defendants kept a dog-shop in Field-lane, to which place the prosecutor went in hopes of finding a terrier bitch, lost by a gentleman, of the name of "Fido." The bitch was discovered on the premises; but when the officer insisted on taking Mr. Chittick before a magistrate, the dog merchant damned all magistrates, and began to assail the officer. Down tumbled the bird-cages and their plumy prisoners, the parrots screamed, the monkies chattered, and the dogs barked; a general affray took place, when the defendant at last succeeded, with the assistance of his wife and the discordant tumult of birds and beasts, to turn the officer

ficer

ficer out of doors; the lady politely damning the justices, and persuading her husband to go before no such fellows; observing that he had a hundred or two pounds to spare if it was required.

The jury found the parties guilty, and the Chairman fined them Ten Pounds.

ON THE

## DISUSE OF HARVEST-HOME.

Our annual feast, when earth her plenty yields,
When crown'd with boughs the last load quits the fields,
The aspect still of ancient joy puts on,
The aspect only, with the substance gone;
The self-same horn is still at our command,
But serves none now but the plebeian hand:
The home-brew'd ale, neglected and debas'd,
Is quite discarded from the realms of taste.
When unaffected freedom charm'd the soul,
The sep'rate table and the costly bowl,
Cool as the blast that checks the budding spring,
A mockery of gladness round them fling;
For oft the farmer, ere his heart approves,
Yields up the custom which he dearly loves:
Refinement forces on him like a tide,
Bold innovations down the current ride,
That bear no peace beneath the showy dress,
Nor add one tittle to his happiness.

THE FARMER'S BOY.

THE generality of mankind, in every age and nation in the world, have ever had, and will continue to have, a strong attachment to ancient customs and former habits; and they have the same attachment to long established notions and manners. This bias towards whatever has been customary, either in thinking or acting, is so powerfully prevalent in the minds of the people, that it may be said to be almost natural. The wisest and most knowing men in various nations and ages of the world, have made complaints of this powerful, this unconquerable attachment to habit and custom. This attachment to, and veneration for, custom, have such an influence over the minds and reason of men, that, in cases where a deviation from the established mode and ancient way is evidently much better; more for the ease, conveniency, and benefit of the public in general; yet will the people loudly complain of it, making the most bitter and outrageous clamour at the least infringement on their dearly beloved and idolized customs and manners.

Without question, some plausible arguments may be started in favour of the disuse of Harvest-home and Christmas feasts. It may be affirmed, that poor men, for a day or two after those feasts, are, in some degree, unfit for their daily task; that they feel very uncomfortable and disordered; their heads ache, their mouths are parched and dry, and that something of weakness and lassitude pervades their whole system. It may likewise be said, that at those seasons of merriment, quarrels sometimes ensue; that men fight and injure each other; that they are sometimes ungovernable, disturb the whole family, putting it in great confusion, fear, and apprehensions. These bad, if not fatal consequences, it must be allowed, sometimes occur at these seasons, when festivity, full eating and drinking, are tolerated and expected. But still, these are the principal arguments of moment that are, or can be advanced in favour of the disuse of Harvest-home and Christmas feasts. I shall now, on the other hand, take leave to advance several arguments and consequences that seem to result from the uses of the fore-mentioned feasts; and

and which will appear in their favour.

1st, These periodical feasts or seasons of festivity and mirth, are conducive to friendship, good will, and a good understanding, between masters, servants, and labourers. Animosities and old grudges are frequently washed away, and, as it were, drowned, at those seasons; and fellow-labourers become sociably and charitably disposed towards each other: their hearts are opened, their ideas expanded through the cordial warmth of generous eating and drinking; they speak freely their private sentiments, by which openness and freedom, men come to the knowledge of facts and the real state of things, which were before obscure and uncertain. They often acknowledge their misconceptions and errors, long-conceived enmities and lurking grudges, which are then entirely done away.

2dly, With respect to eating and drinking to excess, and the consequences of this excess to the health of poor labouring men, I shall observe, that temperance and sobriety are inestimable virtues, very highly conducive to moderation in the passions, and vigorousness in the constitution; yet a little excess in good eating and generous drinking, is so far from being injurious to the health and vigour of labouring men, that they are highly conducive to both. The full meal of good and substantial food; the copious draught of strong and generous liquor, is the most benign and amicable physic for poor labouring men. An occasional excess of this kind, carries off those serosities, that morbific matter, which naturally collect and lurk in the constitution of poor labouring men. The reason is, the poor labourer works hard, and feeds heartily on coarse food; food that is the most simple and plain; food that contains no stimulating particles; his drink is weak, carrying with it little or no force or warmth. To such men an occasional feast is the most wholesome, the best physic, for it seldom fails of operating some way; and that far more effectual to his health and spirits than salts, jalap, or any kind of cathartic or emetic. —I grant that the man who eats and drinks to excess, feels more wretched the next morning than he who has taken a dose of real physic; but, after having taken a little nutritious aliment, he gets rid of those disagreeable feelings and wretched sensations; he becomes more sprightly and vigorous; his health and spirits are better than before. And as the redundancy of his foul and morbid humours is carried off; yet, as the excess was of the benign kind, his system is neither weakened nor impaired: but real physic absolutely weakens the poor man who fares hard.

3dly, But were there nothing in favour of those ancient feasts, Harvest-home and Christmas dinners, I would wish that both were again revived, and brought into a general and common custom; for I think it not a little hard upon servants and day-labourers, that they are never allowed to be, as it were, on a level with their masters, for whom they toil the whole year; that is, I could wish it customary for masters and servants to be free, easy, familiar, and without constraint, jovial together twice at least every year. Yet though the master and his servants be, as it were, on a level at those seasons of festivity, the master is to be principal, to govern wisely and prudently; he is to restrain indecencies and every thing that is immoderate and improper; to establish good rules and necessary observances; to make his men acquainted

with

with them, and to endeavour to instill into their minds a love, or at least a respect for reason and order: whoever does this, will be both esteemed and respected by every one who has any pretensions to reason and worthiness, and will have a sufficient influence and restraint over the perverse and unworthy to maintain order and decency; and there will be neither quarrels, fighting, nor any bad consequences happen to cast a blemish on those ancient feasts.

Lastly, I must conclude that masters, servants, and neighbours were better friends, more sociable, more conversable, more spirited, and more healthy on account of those ancient feasts. If this supposition be true, then those feasts were promoters of happiness, health, and courage, as well as of sociability; for low spirits naturally engender fearfulness and despondency, wretchedness, and discontent, which morbid affections are highly injurious to health; they cast a damp over all the generous affections and passions of the soul, and are the most powerful enemies to all noble and laudable daring.

I shall now take the liberty of inquiring how or whence sprung the disuse of the social and exhilarating custom of giving good entertainment, and making merry at the conclusion of Harvest, and at Christmas time. In doing this, I fear I must lay the cause to a few of my fair countrywomen; for the cause or source of this disuse is, pride, nicety, or an over neatness of houses, indolence, supineness, fastidiousness, singular habits, a love of particular ways, and of keeping every thing in the uniform order and regularity of clock-work. These seem to be the principal causes of the abrogation of Harvest-home, and Christmas entertainments. Some of the wealthy, and tolerably well educated farmers, thought it a derogation to sit with servants and labourers, in familiar, and in sociable conversation and harmless festivity; and having imbibed false notions of gentility, refinement, elegancy of expression, and delicacy of sentiment, they despised the humble plain language of the poor, regarding every thing said by them as vulgar ignorance: though their observations might have manifested sound reason and good sense, and ideas of an elevated kind; yet they take offence, and are disgusted, if not wounded by their false conceptions of what is due to the poor as well as to the wealthy; of what is natural and becoming plain labouring men, and of what is really elegant, dignified, and sentimental.

Others are slaves to particular order, nicety, and cleanliness. These are ready to go over to the final abrogation of those annual feasts customary to the poor, they cannot patiently endure to have their things deranged, their rooms dirtied, or any sort of confusion or clutter. The poor man, wet, cold, and weary, must hardly dare to set in his foot; the faithful mastiff must keep due distance; lie on a lock of wet straw beside a broken fence, &c. Where the mistress of a house is infected with this troublesome nicety, and love of order, the master has but small comfort, and no real peace. Should he so far exert the prerogative, and just authority of the master, as to have his servants and day labourers at his house on Harvest-home, and at Christmas, yet he meets with so much cavil and jarring from the mistress upon that account, that, to purchase a little content and freedom from clamour, he gives up the custom which he dearly loves; he yields to the new fashion of giving a few shillings,

lings, instead of those ancient feasts; and he perhaps, as many farmers do, gives his men a breakfast, and ale, on Christmas morning, which custom is of bad, not to say pernicious consequences, since by it the poor men's heads are put into confusion—they do not think of going to bed at the early part of the day, they are unfit for any amusement or sober reflection; therefore, to pass the remainder of the day, they lounge about, go to the public house, spend their money, sometimes quarrel, riot, &c. &c. &c.

There are other farmers and their wives who are really humane and considerate, who treat their servants, labourers, and animal domestics with the kindest attention, who yet gladly give in to this custom of giving a trifling consideration, instead of the customary feasts. These people are of serious habits and temperament of constitution, who, were they to give heartily into the loud laughs and boisterous mirth of their men at those seasons, would find great benefit from it; it would relax in some degree their seriousness and rigidity, and shove back their approaching dissolution, probably for several years. To laugh heartily and without any constraint, to join in the chorus of an old song, gives exercise to the lungs, and promotes a free circulation for the animal spirits. Where there are three or four who remember the tunes and figures of an old country dance or two, why should they not stand up, and have a dance at their Christmas feast? It would warm and animate their blood; if they walk, run, straddle, jump, caper, or hobble about the figures, in or out of time, it is enough, the end is fully answered by it.

At all periodical feasts it is necessary to establish certain rules, and a president to enforce those rules, and to see that they are neither broke through nor infringed upon. When Harvest-home commences at seven, or soon after, the company should part at twelve. As Christmas feasts begin about two, they should break up and depart in peace, each man to his home, at ten. A few rules for behaviour are likewise necessary—but, the poor man's learning is low, so may be his wit; as his food is course and plain, the same may be his language; as his labour is hard, his mirth may be allowed to be loud. I shall conclude these remarks, with my hearty wish for the revival of those feasts, Harvest-home, and Christmas dinners.

A. B.

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## ANIMAL BIOGRAPHY.

*(Continued from page 125.)*

### THE ORAN OTAN.

GEMELLI Carreri gives an instance of something very analogous to reason in these animals. He tells us that when the fruits on the mountains are exhausted, they frequently descend to the sea coast, where they feed on various species of shell-fish, but in particular on a large species of oyster, which commonly lies open on the shore: fearful, he says, of putting in their paws, lest it should close and crush them, they insert a pretty large stone within the shell, which prevents it from closing, and then drag out their prey and devour it at leisure.

Pere Carbasson brought up an Oran Otan, which became so fond of him, that wherever he went it always seemed desirous of accompanying him: whenever, therefore, he had to perform the service of his

his church, he was always under the necessity of shutting it up in a room. Once, however, the animal escaped, and followed the father to the church, where, silently mounting on the sounding board above the pulpit, he lay perfectly quiet till the sermon commenced. He then crept to the edge, and overlooking the preacher, imitated all his gestures in so grotesque a manner that the whole congregation was unavoidably caused to laugh. The father, surprised and confounded at this ill-timed levity, severely reproved his audience for their inattention. The reproof failed in its effect, the congregation still laughed, and the preacher, in the warmth of his zeal, redoubled his vociferations and his actions: these the Ape imitated so exactly, that the congregation could no longer retain themselves, but burst out into a loud and continued laughter. A friend of the preacher at length stepped up to him, and pointed out the cause of this improper conduct; and such was the arch demeanour of his animal, that it was with the utmost difficulty he could command the muscles of his countenance, and keep himself apparently serious, while he ordered the servants of the church to take him away.

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## THE BARBARY APE.

The Barbary Ape has a face not much unlike that of a dog. Its general length is about four feet. The colour of the back is a greenish brown, and that of the belly pale yellow. The cheeks are furnished with pouches.

The forests of India, Arabia, and Africa, are the habitations of this species; and they are so common in Barbary, that trees are sometimes literally covered with them. A few are found near Gibraltar.

In their manners they are both fierce and mischievous. They live on vegetables, and are said to assemble at times in the open plains of India, in vast troops, and if they see any of the women going to market, they immediately attack them, and take away their provisions. Tavernier, apparently alluding to this species, says, that some of the inhabitants of India have an odd mode of amusing themselves at their expence. These people place five or six baskets of rice, forty or fifty yards asunder, in an open ground near their retreat, and by every basket put a number of stout cudgels, each about two feet long: they then retire to some hiding place, not far distant, to wait the event. When the Apes observe no persons near the baskets, they soon descend in great numbers from the trees, and run towards them: they grin at each other for some time before they dare approach; sometimes they advance, then retreat, seeming much disinclined to encounter. At length the females, which are more courageous than the males, especially those that have young ones, which they carry in their arms as women do their children, venture to approach the baskets, and as they are about to thrust their heads in to eat, the males on the one side advance to hinder them. Immediately the other party comes forward, and the feud being kindled on both sides, the combatants seize the cudgels and commence a most severe fight, which always ends with the weakest being driven into the woods with broken heads and limbs. The victors, he tells us, then fall to in peace, and devour the reward of their labour.

He also informs us, that as he was himself travelling in the East Indies, in company with the English

lish president, a great number of large Apes were observed upon the trees around them. The president was so much amused, that he ordered his carriage to stop, and desired Tavernier to shoot one of them. The attendants, who were principally natives, and well acquainted with the manners of these animals, begged him to desist, lest those that escaped might do them some injury in revenge for the death of a companion. Being, however, still requested, he killed a female, which fell among the branches, letting her little ones, that clung to her neck, fall to the ground. In an instant all the remaining Apes, to the number of sixty or upwards, descended in fury, and, as many as could, leaped upon the president's coach, where they would soon have strangled him, had not the blinds been immediately closed, and the number of attendants so great, as, though not without difficulty, to drive them off. They however continued to run after and teaze the servants for at least three miles from the place where their companion was slain.

This species of Ape agrees well with our climate, and is very common in exhibitions in this country. It walks on four in preference to two legs; and uses the same grimaces to express both anger and appetite. Its movements are brisk, its manners gross; and, when agitated by passion, it exhibits and grinds its teeth. Notwithstanding its ferocious and unaccommodating dispostion, it is, by perseverance and force of discipline, generally taught to perform a few tricks, and to shew off, in some mode or other, to the spectators. Some of them will learn to dance, make gesticulations in cadence, and allow themselves peaceably to be clothed.

Buffon had a Barbary Ape several years. In summer he says it delighted to be in the open air, and even in winter it was frequently kept in a room without fire. Though long in confinement it did not become at all civilized. When food was given to it, it always filled its pouches: and when about to sleep, loved to perch on an iron or wooden bar.

In a wild state the females carry the young in their arms, and frequently leap with them considerable distances from tree to tree.

Their flesh is eaten by the wild Arabs.

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## THE PIGMY APE.

The Pigmy Ape is a native of Africa, the East Indies, and Ceylon. It is about the size of a fox, and generally walks upright. The face is short and flat, and the ears much resembling those of man. The general colours of the body are olive-brown above, and yellowish on the belly.

In disposition they are mild, and they may be tamed without difficulty. When angry they use threatening gestures, and always chatter when pleased. They sip their drink from the palm of the hand, mimic our smiles and frowns, and, as Linnæus says, imitate the forms of salutation used by the Caffres. They possess a retentive memory, frequently having a recollection of benefactors for several years. In their general manners they are sagacious, gay, and frolicsome.

In their native forests they associate in troops, and live principally on vegetables, grain, and fruit. Like many others of this genus, they often go in a body to attack gardens or plantations Previous to their commencement of the plundering

dering excursion, one of the party is always sent to some eminence, to observe how far it appears safe for them to venture. If the course is clear, he gives a signal, and they all come forth and immediately proceed to business. He, however, still remains on the watch: if any one approaches he utters a loud scream, when those on the ground immediately run up the trees, and if the alarm continues, and the country is pretty well wooded, they will pursue their route, by leaping from tree to tree, all the way to the mountains. In this procedure the females are frequently burthened by three or four young ones, clinging round their necks and backs; yet, notwithstanding this apparent incumbrance, they are able to leap to a vast distance. The injury they do to the fruits and corn is beyond calculation: they gather them into heaps, tear and throw them on the ground in such quantities, that what they eat and carry off, is very trifling compared with the quantity they destroy.

They are said to live chiefly in caverns, and the natives adopt a singular mode of taking them alive. They place near these, vessels containing strong liquors, and the animals assembling to enjoy the unexpected repast, become all intoxicated, fall asleep together, and are thus easily secured.

Like most other animals, when laid hold of in a wild state, they will bite furiously in self-defence.

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## THE COMMON BABOON.

The Common Baboon is found in the hotest parts of Africa, and also in the island of Borneo. It is often three or four feet in height, and, in its upper parts, excessively strong and muscular. When confined in a cage, they sometimes lay hold of the bars, and shake them so powerfully as to make all the spectators tremble. Towards the middle, like all the Baboons, it is very slender. Its general colour is a greyish brown; and the face, which is long, is of a tawny flesh-colour. It has cheek-pouches. The tail is very short, and round it, to a considerable distance, the posteriors are perfectly bare and callous.

The disposition of this Baboon is exceedingly ferocious; and its appearance is, at once, both grotesque and formidable. They generally go in troops, and are dangerous enemies, when collected in any number. Their attitude is seldom upright, prefering the use of four to that of two legs.

In Siam, they frequently sally forth in astonishing numbers, to attack the villages, during the time the labourers are occupied in the rice harvest, which they generally have sagacity enough to ascertain, and plunder the habitations of whatever provisions they can lay their paws on.

Fruits, corn, and roots, form their principal food, and in obtaining these they frequently commit the most violent outrages. Their great strength and the sharpness of their claws, render them formidable to dogs, who always overcome them with difficulty, except when excess in eating has rendered them, as it sometimes does, heavy and inactive. When at liberty, one of them will easily overcome two or three men, if they happen to be unprovided with weapons of defence.

The female seldom brings forth more than one young one, which she carries between her arms: but they have not been known to produce in any other than hot climates.

When in confinement they are ill-natured, savage, and scarcely

ever to be tamed, frequently grinding their teeth, fretting and chafing with the utmost fury. One that was exhibited at Edinburgh, in 1779, presented uniformly to the spectators the most threatening aspect, and attempted to seize every person who came within the reach of its chain. On these occasions he usually made a deep grunting noise, and tossed up his head almost perpetually.

This species is very fond of eggs, and one of them has been known to put eight into his cheek-pouches at once: then taking them out one by one, he broke them at the end, and deliberately swallowed their contents. In confinement they may be induced to eat meat, but not without its being cooked: they are very fond of wine or spirits. One that Mr. Pennant saw at Chester was of a most tremendous strength, and excessively fierce. Its voice was a kind of roar, not unlike that of a lion, except that it was low and somewhat inward. It went on all fours, and never stood on its hind legs, unless forced by the keeper; but would frequently sit on its rump, in a crouching manner, and drop its arms before its belly. It was an animal of great beauty, and appears to have been the same that Mr. Smellie saw at Edinburgh. Mr. Pennant says it was particularly fond of cheese; and that whenever ears of wheat were given it, it dexterously picked out the grains, one by one, with its teeth, and ate them.

Their capricious disposition leads them to the most deliberate acts of mischief. Dr. Goldsmith says he has seen one of them break a whole service of China, evidently by design, yet without appearing in the least conscious of having done amiss.

*(To be continued.)*

## HEAR BOTH SIDES,

### A NEW COMEDY,

### BY MR. HOLCROFT.

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*Brought forward at Drury-Lane, on Saturday, February 1.*

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| | |
|---|---|
| Fairfax | Mr. Dowton. |
| Transit | Mr. Bannister. |
| Headlong | Mr. C. Kemble. |
| Melford | Mr. Raymond. |
| Sir R. Aspen | Mr. Suet. |
| Steward | Mr. Wroughton. |
| Quillet | Mr. Cherry. |
| Sir Luke Lostall | Mr. Webb. |
| Major Tennis | Mr. Caulfield. |
| Mr. Backhand | Mr. Purser. |
| Jones | Mr. Cooke. |
| Master of the Hotel | Mr. Maddocks. |
| Bailiff | Mr. Wewitzer. |
| Follower | Mr. Rhodes. |
| Robert | Mr. Hollingsworth. |
| Gregory | Mr. Collins. |
| Caroline | Mrs. Pope. |
| Eliza | Mrs. Jordan. |

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HEADLONG, the hero of the piece, is a young man of a generous, liberal mind, but who has been ruined by fashionable extravagancies. His uncle, enraged at his follies, had threatened to disinherit him. While obliged to reside abroad, his friend Mr. Fairfax wrote to him that his uncle was dying, and transmitted money to enable him to return. About this time, however, Headlong falls in love with Caroline Melford, whom he sees at a masquerade in Venice, and in consequence of this adventure, his return to England is too long delayed.—The piece opens on the day of his arrival. The uncle is by this time dead, and has left Fairfax

Fairfax his sole heir, which excites the indignation of Headlong's friends. Strong suspicions are now entertained of the character of Fairfax, and all the incidents, which it would be too tedious to detail, are contrived to increase this suspicion, which is uniformly kept up to the last scene. The great object of the fable is to create suspense as to the intentions of Fairfax, and he seems alternately, and unaccountably, to persecute and protect the same individuals. At last he is exhibited in the character which the poet intends. We find that he had arrested Transit only to prevent a duel between him and Headlong; that though he resentfully refused to relieve Melford, his returning compassion had induced him the next moment to send him L.50 for his immediate wants; and that he had consented to be the heir of Headlong's uncle, only that this youth, whom he had always loved, might enjoy a fortune which he would otherwise have lost. Thus the triumph of Fairfax is complete; he surrenders, by deed, the whole of the property to Headlong; gives also the estate of Treves, &c. to Melford; Headlong is married to Miss Melford; and Transit recovers his lost Eliza.

Many critics, probably expecting more than common excellence from the pen of Mr. Holcroft, have found themselves so much disappointed, that they have even expressed their inability to decide whether this piece deserves the name of tragedy, comedy, or farce. For our part, weighing its merits deliberately, we find them as well entitled to the best of these distinctions, as most of the productions of modern date. If the piece does not abound in novelty of character, and if there be not much novel appropriation in those which the author brings upon the stage, the very doubtful scale in which he contrives to exhibit that of Fairfax, even to the end of the chapter, is, by more candid critics, justly allowed to render the developement, as it ought to be, unexpected, poetically just, and striking. Those who censure the apparent inequalities of Fairfax's character, and insist that there are no such rapid transitions from vice to virtue, and virtue to vice, in nature, as Mr. Holcroft has exhibited them, seem to have forgotten the remark of the great English satirist:—thus,

"The rogue and fool, by fits, are fair and wise,
And e'en the best, by turns, what they despise."

Besides, the duplicity of that character, by keeping the audience in suspense, evidently heightens the developement. It must, however, be allowed, that the merits of Quillet are not so prominent as they might have been. The piece, even before the conclusion, is still admitted not to have been without its interest. The scene between the Bailiff and Transit, when Headlong makes his escape, was very well managed; and the trick played upon Transit, when he supposed that the Bailiff was outwitted by the disappearance of Headlong, whom it was understood he meant to *touch*, was loudly applauded from all parts of the house. Nothing could be a more laughable illusion, than that on Transit, when he received the writ, who told the Bailiff that the joke was over, as his name was not Headlong but Transit. "You're right," says the Bailiff, "and you'll find that Headlong's name is not in the writ, but that of Transit!" The joke now discovered on the part of the latter, extorted the risibility of the most fastidious. All the other characters

may

may be frequently found in the general range of the Drama. As to the ladies, and their hair-breadth escapes from Bailiffs and Swindlers, the less that is said about them the better. The remark that "pistols now-a-days were only used by footpads and blacklegs," made the stronger impression on the auditors, as there were several notorious characters in the house.

The performers deserve much praise. Dowton displayed uncommon powers in his acting and elocution. C. Kemble, Bannister, Suett, Raymond, Wroughton, Wewitzer, Cherry, and Collins, all claim the best thanks of the author; and Mrs. Pope and Mrs. Jordan played with the spirit of laudable emulation.

Bannister delivered the Prologue in his best manner. It was a needless panegyric of Garnerin, whose wonderful powers as an aeronaut, are entitled to every commendation. The best lines, and indeed the only which produced the smallest effect, were those which alluded to the opposition of Family Quarrels, at Covent-Garden Theatre, in these words—

> "The scourge of wit no longer dare we use,
> We dread Newspapers, Magazines, Reviews,
> We dread the Christians—and we dread—the Jews!"

The Epilogue, although supported by the fascinations of Mrs. Jordan, was too insipid to produce any favourable effect. We regretted much to see such a disagreeable task imposed upon this charming actress.

The piece underwent very few alterations on the second and third representation; but though by none vociferously praised, it has likewise escaped an opposite degree of censure.

## NEW INVENTED GAME.

IT is said, that the most celebrated war of antiquity gave birth to the game of Chess. Palamedes is supposed to have invented it, during the siege of Troy, to amuse himself in his leisure time.

European tactics also deserved the invention of a new game, to divert the leisure time of our warriors.

Monsieur Helwig, Professor of Tactics at Brunswick, has invented this new game, which is called the Game of War. No less than 1617 divisions are painted on a very large table, representing, by their difference of colours, an uneven country. Fields, villages, morasses, rivers, and impracticable mountains, often vary and embarrass the operations of the game. Each general, that is, each of the players, has an army composed of infantry, heavy horse, light horse, heavy artillery, field-pieces, &c.

The motion of each piece is regulated by the nature of what it represents. A light horseman moves quicker than one of the heavy cavalry; a piece of heavy artillery, of course, does more execution than a field-piece; a superiority of fire silences the enemy; against an equality the combat is maintained with courage; each party has in its rear a strong town, which is to serve for a point of retreat, and for the principal head quarters. The taking of this fortress decides the fortune of the war; the troops advance in columns; form in battle array; every attempt is made to turn the position of the enemy; to take him in flank; to deceive him by false attacks, and to harass him by diversions. Entrenchments are made; bridges constructed and destroyed; defiles occupied or surprised; towns and villages destroyed.

ed. In short, in this game there is every operation of real war, except the plundering the conquered country.

With skilful players this game lasts for a very long time. A difficult enterprize may be decided in a day; a campaign often lasts for weeks, with various success; for the rules of this game are so severe, that any fault against tactics is punished severely, even although in a victorious army.

This game, which has produced a happy effect on the studies of the young officers who have addicted themselves to it, and which has been received with enthusiasm by all the lovers of deep calculations and extensive combinations, has lately been introduced into France, where many of the most distinguished officers have expressed their astonishment at so exact a representation of the fierce and bloody contests of real war.—O may such military pastime as this for the future be substituted for real war!

## CALCULATION
### OF THE
## EXPENCES OF A DEER PARK.

SIR J. BANKS, impressed with an opinion that a deer-park is an expensive article of luxury, in order to ascertain the amount of his annual expenditure in that article, directed an account to be kept of the profit derived from his inclosure, setting against it the estimated rent of the land, taxes, cost of labour, people's wages, cost of maintaining poles, and temporary fences, &c. &c. and the result has been, after three years trial, that, reckoning the venison killed at the price at which it might be sold in London, he is a regular gainer by holding it in his hands.

## THE CONFAB;
### UPON
### *Reading an Extraordinary Advertisement for an Extraordinary Woman,*
### IN THE
### SPORTING MAGAZINE FOR JULY 1802.

*Mr. Dickenson.*

WELL, my dear Madam, have you attended to the extraordinary advertisement, which I gave you?

*Mrs. Seabrook.* I have, Sir, and thank you very kindly. I think it a very curious piece of literature, a strange jumble of chimerical reveries, which, it is astonishing, found entrance into the author's mind, and more astonishing that he should suffer such chimeras to come before the public eye. Such a woman I must imagine is as hard to be found as the philosopher's stone. I have no pretensions to such rare accomplishments.

*Dick.* No pretensions, Madam! give me leave to say, that you are all that the advertiser requires.

*Seab.* Pardon me, my good friend, you are too partial in your estimation of my abilities and accomplishments; for, would my husband have been agreeable to our separation, were I so valuable a woman?—and that he was agreeable, I will not pretend to deny.

*Dick.* That circumstance must not induce you to think poorly of yourself; for be assured, Madam, that there are men of so perverse a taste, who will not only slight, but quite dislike things that merit their approbation and esteem, as may be frequently observed in the domestics they keep, the aliment they partake of; in their apparel, in their friends, and lasting connections; and I defy some men to give any other cause why they are unhappy in

in their wives, than that of a perverse and peculiar taste and temper. The same assertion will hold good with respect to many women.

*Seab.* I shall not dispute your judgment, but take to myself those good and rare qualities you so freely ascribe to me. But supposing the case to be exactly so, then there are surely many families that would rejoice to engage such a woman.

*Dick.* Without a doubt, Madam, there are; and you have only to make your wishes and situation known to the public, and applications will pour in upon you from various quarters, requesting your services.

*Seab.* But will it not be more advisable to put my abilities in practice for my own immediate use; that is, to think of some business and employment: so shall I preserve my freedom, and be my own sole mistress. Good principles, agreeable manners, and good nature, will gain me some friends, entitle me to esteem, and will procure me some encouragement in any neighbourhood wherever I may reside; and early rising, diligence, and good management, are in general attended with success. Yes, Sir, I shall decide in favour of liberty—be mistress of myself and fortune.

*Dick.* Liberty, Madam, has its charms, and is worth the seeking. But do you consider, that success in business is precarious and fatiguing, and house-keeping a certain charge? In place, you will have only to please, which your abilities and disposition will not fail to do. The person in question, whoever he is, may be of singular habits and temper, but those you will find out in a little time; and, by complying with them, and by making yourself more agreeable than any woman has been before, you will discover his weaknesses and his secrets; and, by playing your cards well, may bid defiance to his authority and singularities, and not only do as you please, but make him to do so too.

*Seab.* Very justly observed, Sir. But shall I *tickle* with a view to *sting?* Shall I study to please with a design to enslave? Shall I be dutifully humble and submissive in order to tyrannise? No, Sir; let me be sincere, faithful, and ingenuous, void of all base and sordid arts in every station of my life; and let me preserve my freedom whilst it is in my power. But should I be necessitated to such a servitude, I will never apply where there is the appearance of mystery; for where there is a mysteriousness, we may suspect and fear that there is something amiss; something that will not stand the test of investigation. Mystery, I grant, does sometimes arise from an extraordinary degree of prudence and caution; which two virtues often lay a trap in which the parties themselves are sometimes caught: and in the extremity of prudence and caution, there is but little to merit our esteem, or to draw the affections. Therefore the *extraordinary advertiser* shall never meet with an *extraordinary woman*, in your humble servant,

ALICIA SEABROOK.

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## A GAME BULL.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

IN your entertaining Miscellany for December last, you obliged us with a pleasant story of a Game Cock. Please to give insertion to one of a Game Bull, and you will oblige your constant reader,

X Y. Z.

WHAT wonderful exertions men have made in all ages to attain perfection

fection in their favourite studies! It is recorded of Vernet, the marine painter, that, to improve himself in his art, he took a voyage to a part of the world where dreadful tempests were most common; and that once, amidst the clash of elements, Vernet ordered himself to be bound to the main-mast of the vessel, and was absolutely seen, while others were trembling with fear, delineating, as he himself expresses it, the beauties of the storm.

The celebrated British artist, whom I am about to compliment, possessed a similar propensity, and has many times, for improvement in his study of the animal economy, braved dangers equal to the great Vernet.

Mr. Charles Catton, the cattle-painter, was at all times delighted with the spirit of that noble animal, the British Bull, insomuch that Mr. Peter Tiffin, a butcher, of Gate-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, was requested to acquaint him, whenever he knew of a baiting. It fell out, that one morning an entertainment of this nature was to take place on the Green at Ball's Pond, near Stoke-Newington, and Tiffin accordingly came early to apprize his friend and customer of his favourite Windhammenian exercise. The butcher, who no less delighted in the sport, had several young dogs to try upon the occasion; and he, with his friend Catton, presently set off cheek-by-jole together. On their arrival at the place of action, they found the Bull tethered, and a vast assemblage of spectators. The beast was full of fire, and just such a subject as the painter delighted in. The dogs were laid on —the enraged creature received his assailants with all the indignation peculiar to his noble nature; and Mr. Catton, by elbowing the crowd, was presently in the Bull's front, contemplating those principles in the subject most likely to improve him in his professional line. Dogs were tossed, their limbs were broken; men were thrown; the creature roared amidst his tormentors, and struggled to free himself of the rope that held him; the clamours were immense, and every face was full of expectation— when, to add to the general confusion, some low-bred rascal, the very spawn of mischief, cut the tether, and set free the gory Taurus, when Catton was in the greatest danger; and Tiffin saw his perilous situation.

" 'Tis here, immortal youth, 'tis here I must
To thy lov'd mem'ry be for ever just."

I should in this place acquaint my reader, that an opinion strongly prevails among bull-fighters, that if a man be pursued, and he cast himself flat on his face, as if dead, the enraged animal disdains to strike, but passes over him without notice. Tiffin flew to his friend, like Nisus to Euryalus, in the moment the Bull seemed making towards him with rapidity, and, casting himself in the mid-way, thought to divert the animal, and give Catton time to escape; and this he effected but to prove the fallacy of the above opinion, too strongly received; for the horn of the Bull, entering below the back-tie of his apron, little Tiffin was in a moment mounted in the air like a shuttle-cock: but his numerous friends, instantly closing behind, caught him in their arms, and saved the noble Tiffin from the bandages of Podalirius, while Catton, with only the loss of his shoes, retreated through the pond to a place of safety; and the Bull, finding that liberty our natures most delight in, made at the man that had held him in confinement; and, with flame in his eyes, and terror on his

his tongue, to the great delight of all lovers of this sublime sport, gave him a hoist in the air not of the most gentle nature.

And now the indignant monarch of the herd retreated from the place of action: and as he went, the silver foam fell in sheets from his bleeding lips, and covered his swelling dewlap; his eyes, like re-kindling coal, darted new scintillations; and though he loudly murmured at the treatment of his unfeeling foes, yet fear was at the greatest distance from him, for he seemed even ready to renew the unequal combat. In this manner, he entered a neighbouring cow-keeper's farm, and mingled with his more friendly favourites.

The writer has often heard Mr. Catton declare the dangers he escaped on this occasion, and the obligations he owed his friend Tiffin; and that, though the hazard had been great, the information he acquired was more than commensurate.

This subject is still extant from his admirable pencil, and Tiffin survives to relate the adventure.

Vernet did much, Catton did more; for the one delineated the troubled elements of air and water, while the English painter, Mr. Catton, portrayed the courage and contending passions of the majestic Bull, and, through his eyes, the feelings of his insulted soul.

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## SECUNDUM ARTEM.

*To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.*

GENTLEMEN,

IF I remember right, *Secundum Artem* principally appertained to the preparation of medicine, and was in a great degree subservient to the mysterious purposes of the Faculty. While destined only to their use, it was perhaps of no great mischief to the community at large; at least "dead men tell no tales." The art of incorporating oil of almonds with its heterogeneous opposite *aqua puræ*, by the medium of a volatile spirit, or mixing a few grains of prepared oyster shells, with an ounce of mint water and two drachms of syrup of saffron, or of wild poppies, will entitle any man to a degree of medical eminence, if he can accumulate a few pounds to obtain a Caledonian diploma, at which time he is honoured with the Æsculapian motto of "*Secundum Artem*" into the bargain. Appropriate as this motto was for centuries to the purposes of the Faculty only, it has at length burst its fetters, and become a volunteer to thousands of individuals who stood in need of, or was happy to call *Secundum Artem* to their assistance. Formerly arduous tasks were accomplished by personal exertion and patient perseverance; fortunes were acquired by indefatigable industry; patriotism was the only direct road to political popularity; and unsullied loyalty was the distinguishing trait by which a passage could be obtained to the foot of the throne, or the confidence of the Sovereign: but, as Gregory, in the Mock Doctor, says, when detected in his want of anatomical knowledge, respecting the heart's being on the left side—"Yes," said he, "it was so once; but the College had altered all that, and placed it on the right." So, what was formerly accomplished by honour, honesty, integrity, probity, and punctuality, is now completely executed in any way whatever, by a single *Hey, presto!* of *Secundum Artem*; and the former qualifications are very little, if at all, necessary to fashionable and honourable existence.

Proofs

Proofs might be adduced in abundance—few shall suffice. A. B. C. and D. some few months since, with the extemporaneous assistance of *Secundum Artem*, established a bank; and, in a very few months more, S. A. became bankrupts. E. and F. two brothers, executing immense contracts for Government during the war, and some hints transpiring of an approaching peace, one, by the inspirative assistance of *Secundum Artem*, withdrew himself, seated in an easy chariot of independence, leaving his brother to an almost immediate state of bankruptcy, and a payment of five shillings in the pound. You must, Gentlemen, in your extensive readings, and still greater recollection, remember the late Lord Chesterfield's animadversion upon the absolute necessity of occasional dissimulation. This qualification, real or assumed, seems nearly allied to the other, and, in conjunction, there can be no doubt but every effort of art may be attempted, and every want gratified. Under existing circumstances, and the complexion of the times, it is a palpable fact, if you see a man of strict integrity, with a diffident mien, downcast look, and ventilated coat, however largely he may have been read in other respects, he knows nothing of the fashionable *Secundum Artem*, which is the master-key of every human passion: it opens bankers' books, unlocks misers' hearts, and lays bare the flinty frigidity of a female bosom. In fact, the infinity of adventurers who possess this philosopher's stone, obtain and enjoy all the luxuries of this life, while such honest fellows as you and me,

> Fag away,
> Night and day,
> To procure it's comforts.

Your's,

VERITAS.

## EXTRAORDINARY AND SINGULAR ATTACHMENT IN A BRUTE.

THE following circumstance is related in a letter to a friend from Chateu de Venours:

"Two persons were on a short journey, and, passing through a hollow way, a dog which was with them started a badger, which he attacked, and pursued till he took shelter in a burrow under a tree. With some pains they hunted him out, and killed him. Being a very few miles from a village called Chapellatiere, they agreed to drag him there, as the Commune gave a reward for every one which was destroyed; besides, they purposed selling the skin. Badger's hair furnishes excellent scumbling brushes for painters. Not having a rope, they twisted some twigs, and drew him along the road by turns.—They had not proceeded far, when they heard a cry of an animal in seeming distress; and stopping to see from whence it proceeded, another badger approached them slowly. They at first threw stones at it, notwithstanding which, it drew near, came up to the dead animal, began to lick it, and continued its mournful cry. The men, surprised at this, desisted from offering any further injury to it, and again drew the dead one along as before—when the living badger, determining not to quit its dead companion, lay down on it, taking it gently by one ear, and in that manner was drawn into the midst of the village—nor could dogs, boys, or men induce it to quit its situation, by any means; and, to their shame be it said, they had the inhumanity to kill it, and afterwards to burn it, declaring it could be no other than a witch."

MELANCHOLY

## MELANCHOLY CONSEQUENCES OF EXCESSIVE GAMING.

EVINCED IN

*The Death of Captain Finlay.*

FRANCIS Finlay, pursuant to his sentence for forging and uttering a Bill of Exchange, was on Wednesday, February 9, 1803, executed at the Old Bailey. He was a man of the most gentlemanly appearance and address; had been in the army, and was connected with several families of respectability and fortune. At his trial, his demeanour was not marked with that impudent levity which distinguish the Bond-street Bucks, nor tinctured with that despondency to which weak minds are generally subject in such a situation; it was a demeanor of modest diffidence, which bespoke a consciousness of his crime, without any appearance of extreme dejection at the fate to which he was to be consigned by the violated laws of his country. When his sentence was pronounced, he listened with a degree of calm resignation, becoming a man prepared to suffer deserved punishment for a crime of which he was conscious he was guilty. His appearance and behaviour having excited a general and lively interest in his fate, the following particulars of his life cannot fail of proving acceptable to the public:

Mr. Francis Finlay was a native of Boston, in Lincolnshire, where his father, being a man of credit and easy fortune, was enabled to gratify the strong ambition which he felt to give his son a polite and liberal education. Mr. Finlay passed through the rudiments of his education with *eclat*, and executed the tasks assigned him by his masters with a promptitude and accuracy that seemed to justify the most sanguine expectations of his delighted parents and friends. At a very early age he betrayed a strong attachment to a military life. The father, though with the greatest reluctance, at last was persuaded to indulge the ruling passion of his son, and, accordingly, at the commencement of the last war, procured him an ensign's commission in a marching regiment. This regiment was soon after ordered abroad, where his bravery and good conduct gained him the esteem and affection of his companions, and caused him to be promoted to the rank of lieutenant. When his regiment returned to England, Mr. Finlay was ordered upon the recruiting service, and from this period may be dated the commencement of that career of vice which at last rendered him amenable to the laws of his country. Idleness, that rock upon which so many have been wrecked, called forth his latent propensities with irresistible violence. Possessing an uncommon flow of animal spirits, he was extremely alive to the pleasures of society; and having contracted an intimacy with several persons of a dissipated turn of mind, he entered into all their excesses with eagerness. It may be easily imagined that his pay, as lieutenant, was very inadequate to support a life of excess and libertinism. But the force of habit became unconquerable: his commission was disposed of to recruit his finances, and to enable him a little longer to indulge a violent propensity to gaming, which he had contracted in the society of his fellow libertines. This could not hold out long, and he was at last hurried to the adoption of the most unjustifiable and desperate measures to maintain his credit with his associates.

About this period he married the daughter of a respectable shopkeeper;

keeper; but his wife's fortune was inconsiderable, and was therefore soon dissipated in his favourite pursuits. Deprived of every honest resource of supplying his ruined finances, he was, at length, in a moment of desperation, driven to the commission of the crime for which he suffered.

The jury, on account of his excellent character, and meritorious services abroad, recommended him to the mercy of the Sovereign; but forgery, being a crime of the most dangerous tendency in a commercial country, can rarely find mercy, though attended with the most extenuating circumstances. Of this Mr. Finlay was sensible, and therefore had no expectation of pardon. After his death-warrant was signed by his Majesty, the little time that intervened between that and his execution was employed in a manner the most exemplary, in preparing for that awful and ignominious crisis when he should be separated from every thing that was dear to him on this side eternity. He never attempted to palliate his crime, but displayed the deepest contrition for his guilt, and the most penitent resignation. He was attended almost constantly by the Rev. Mr. Crowther, Rector of Christ Church, Newgate-street, and, in the absence of that gentleman, by one of his fellow-prisoners, of the name of John Manly, who read to him, and joined him in prayer. A gentleman, who did not disdain to be considered as the friend of the unfortunate man, visited him daily, and assisted him with money, and other necessaries.

On the morning previous to his execution, he was visited by his wife and child in prison, along with the gentleman to whom we have just now alluded, and the prisoner Manly. The scene that passed may be more easily imagined than described. The reader may picture to himself the anguish of a wife and mother who had been nurtured in all that delicacy and tenderness that gives double acuteness to the feelings upon the eve of losing a beloved husband, by the hands of the common executioner. She is about the age of thirty-two, a woman of the most elegant manners and handsome form. The child is about eight months old. The sensations of Mr. F. were of the most agonizing sort, when he reflected upon that infatuated course of life, which had not only brought himself to an ignominious end, but had also left his beloved wife exposed to all the horrors of poverty and disgrace. Upon a promise from the gentleman beforementioned, to protect his wife and child, and screen them from the miseries of want, and the sneers of an unpitying world, he became more composed. She lingered with him till four o'clock, when it became absolutely necessary to separate. Unable to bear the emotions of agony by which she was agitated, she fainted in her husband's arms, and was carried by two men to a hackney coach, in a state of insensibility. Even the turnkeys, "albeit unused to the melting mood," did not behold this scene unmoved.

Mr. Finlay, for a few minutes after his wife's departure, seemed to be agitated, but at the same time resigned. He walked about his cell with hurried steps, clinched his hands, turned his eyes towards Heaven, and at last, overcome by his feelings, exclaimed, "She is gone, and I shall never see her more on earth!" But soon recovering his composure, "I am now happy," he said, "and prepared to die; my friends cannot look coolly upon her; alas! she will have no friends but them."

The Rev. Mr. Crowther, as usual, passed

passed a few hours with him in earnest supplication to the Divine Mercy for the pardon of his sins, and particularly the crime for which he was to suffer.

On the morning of his execution he seemed to look forward to his fate, not only with resignation, but satisfaction. He dressed with the same neatness and attention to cleanliness as usual. He eat his breakfast with the utmost composure, at five o'clock in the morning, with his faithful friend Manly. About six o'clock Mr. Crowther appeared, and passed an hour with him in fervent devotion. At seven o'clock he took the Sacrament, and his irons being knocked off, the sheriff came, to whom he was delivered by the keeper of the prison. At half past eight o'clock he mounted the scaffold, with his hat and gloves on. He wore his hair cropped, half boots, grey stockings, web pantaloons, brown coat and waistcoat, with an outside coat of the same colour. He appeared calm and collected, and spoke for about a minute to the clergyman. The executioner then stepping forward, took off his hat, unloosed his neck-handkerchief, and fastened the fatal noose. The cap being pulled over his eyes, after he had remained about five minutes on the scaffold, he was launched into eternity. No man ever behaved with more resignation and manly fortitude in such a situation. Thus perished Francis Finlay, a man who was possessed of every acquirement that might have made him the ornament of society. But those very attainments, having taken a wrong bias, proved his destruction. "*Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*," says the satirist, and the career of this unfortunate man furnishes one, among many proofs, that the maxim is just. From venial faults, inconsiderately indulged, have sprung, perhaps, the greatest crimes that ever disgraced the history of mankind.

The body was cut down after it had hung the usual time, and carried to Newgate Prison. At one o'clock a hearse attended to convey it away; but upon being inspected by the sheriffs, it was found to be still warm, though it had been cut down three hours before. The sheriffs thought it their duty to keep it some time longer, on account of this extraordinary circumstance, and ordered that it should be called for at four o'clock, which was accordingly done.

The people did not assemble in such multitudes as is usual on similar occasions.

Mr. Finlay seemed to be in some degree of agony for the space of three minutes after he was turned off, during which time he held a white pocket-handkerchief in his hand, but afterwards dropped it.

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ON THE

## ANCIENT MORALITY

OF

## THE TURF.

THE pursuits of the primitive and pure honours of the turf are of very ancient date. Such a useful and noble animal as the horse, could not but command a distinguished notice in the earliest ages, as well as engage the powers of eloquence, and poetry, in the description of his unrivalled excellencies. His swiftness, strength, and docility, must ever have been objects of the first attention and pleasure; and, consequently, few public games or diversions of ancient times were exhibited, in which this noble animal did not bear a considerable part. It would be needless to enlarge on the high antiquity of horse and chariot races, which have been celebrated

celebrated in the earliest ages of history. It may be sufficient to observe, that to encourage agility and manly vigour, as well as skill and dexterity, in the management of the fleet courser, was the laudable purport of these sportive exercises. The sturdy strength, and muscular exertions of an Olympic charioteer, exhibit a striking contrast to the spider-like form, and emaciated figure of a Newmarket jockey. The rewards of victory, also, were as plain, and simple in the Grecian games, as they were distinguishing, and honourable. A garland of palm or laurel, or parsley, or pine-leaves, served to adorn the brow of the fortunate victor, whilst his name stood a chance of being transmitted to posterity in the strains of some lofty Pindar. The rewards of modern days, are indeed, more substantial and solid, being paid in weighty gold, or its equivalent, while their fleet coursers, and their exulting proprietors, stand conspicuous in the lists of a Pond, Heber, and Weatherby.

Thus the cause of morality was by no means overlooked in the exhibition of these useful and honourable pastimes, but there was a happy union of utility, pleasure, and virtue. A spotless life, and unblameable manners, a purity of descent, by being born in wedlock, through several generations, and a series of creditable relations, were indispensable qualifications of a candidate on the Olympic turf. It is true, there is at least as much attention paid to purity, and faultlessness on the plains of Newmarket; but the application is to the blood and pedigree of the horse, not of his rider. Such were the unsullied honours of the ancient stadium, or race-ground. One must suppose, however, that in process of time, the decisions became warped, and interested, as the manners of the age grew less scrupulous; that intrinsic merit declined with the spirit of freedom, and that the determination of the Olympic judges, as well as the answers of the Pythian oracle, could be taught to "philippize." The chariot-race, also maintained at all times a distinguished rank, amid the diversions of the Roman circus; but, especially, engaged the eager attention of the people, under some of the first emperors. The charioteers were divided into four companies, distinguished by their dress; and the whole body of the citizens ranked themselves under the banners of their favourite colours, according as they wished well to the fraternity of the "red," the "white," the "azure," or the "green." Of these associations, the green was in favour at court, during the reigns of Caligula, and Nero, who were, themselves, imperial jockeys. The green therefore, it may be presumed, was generally victorious, as there could be little expectation of a disinterested decision, amid such dregs of Romulus, as were the citizens of Rome, under the last-named Emperors.

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## DESCRIPTION OF THE EQUESTRIAN UNIVERSITY, AT LUNENBURGH.

*By Professor Olivarius, of Kiel.*

OUR readers, says the professor, will doubtless be indebted to us, for making them acquainted with one of the most valuable institutions of Germany.

The Equestrian Academy of Lunenburgh, at present under the direction of his Excellency the Baron de Bulow, Director of the Estates of the Duchy of Lunenburgh, is a public

public institution of insruction and of education, that has been established above a century, in favour of young persons of quality, who devote themselves to study, to the military art, or to the administration of the forests. Neither will the simple proprietor of estates in the country, have reason to regret, continues the professor, that he has spent there some years of his juvenile age. Besides the assistances that he will find to acquire that higher sort of knowledge, which ennobles the sentiments, and renders the enjoyment of life more piquant; he will find others that will instruct him to undertake with advantage the labour of rural economy.

In the Department of Public Instruction, are included the Latin, French, English, and German languages; Morality, Geography, Ancient and Modern History, Statistics, Natural History, Physics, the Mathematics, Antiquities, the Art of Artillery and Fortifications, the Manner of constructing plans, and the Theory of the Belles Lettres.

The languages and the sciences are taught in particular halls or auditories, and by classes, so that the instruction given to the youth more advanced, differs from that which is elementary. To obviate the inconveniences which result from a too sedentary life in youth, care is taken that the gymnastic exercises, such as fencing, dancing, riding, and the art of vaulting, are performed alternately with the study of the languages and of the sciences. All these lessons are given gratis, except that of riding, for which there is a handsome riding-school; and a sufficient number of horses are constantly keep in training.

As to tuition in the Greek and Italian languages, in drawing, painting, and music, this is given by private lessons, at a moderate fee.

The pupils live all together in a handsome, spacious, and wholesome building. They occupy, two by two, a chamber with furniture, next to which every one has his particular dormitory, provided with a bed, a chair, a chest of drawers, and a table. They are all placed under the inspection of a number of governors, who live under the same roof with them, and who endeavour to preserve, in the character of academists, a conduct as remote from that indulgence, which borders on imbecility, as from a too rigorous severity. It is in company of their governors, that the young persons take their repasts, in a spacious and well-aired refectory. The table is administered at a common charge, so that there is no reason to apprehend, that the cupidity of a single contractor, may give rise to complaints that may be just enough, perhaps, in many other institutions.

The annual pension or payment is 200 crowns of Hanover-money, reckoning the Frederick d'Or at 4-⅔ crowns, or otherwise at 75 ducats of Holland. Moreover, every pupil pays 30 rix-dollars, as an entrance fee, the first year, and as much for the second; but for the following years, no entrance money is required. The young man admitted into the academy for this sum, has the benefit of instruction in the languages, the sciences, and the exercises above-mentioned; of the table at noon and night, of a breakfast, consisting of white bread; of lodging, with a bed and other necessary furniture, fuel, washing, and candles. As for other matters, they are waited upon by valets, of whom a sufficient number is kept by the house.

Although the annual expence cannot be precisely equal for all the academists, considering the peculiar wants of each, it may be nevertheless affirmed, that, leaving out

*Crack & Sir Edward, in the Turnpike Gate.*

Pub. Mar. 1. 1803, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

out an expensive wardrobe, and a number of private lessons necessary for foreigners, to learn the German language before they can derive advantage from the public lessons, the expence will not amount, at farthest, including the board, to more than 420 Hanoverian crowns, or to 158 ducats of Holland.

The most proper times to be admitted into the Academy, are Easter, and Michaelmas, because at those periods a new course of lessons always commences. It should be observed, however, that the pupils to be admitted, should not be under 13 years of age, and that they should have acquired such a degree of preliminary knowledge, as we may ordinarily expect at that age.

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## CRACK, AND SIR EDWARD,

IN THE FARCE OF

## THE TURNPIKE GATE.

*(A Slight Etching, to face this Page.)*

CRACK, like Scrub, in the Beaux Stratagem, in relating his various employments, tells Sir Edward, that he is second huntsman to Squire Tantivy; but perhaps, as the dialogue itself will best illustrate the Copper Plate, we shall give it below. Crack, is one of Mr. Munden's favourite characters. The farce is spoken of in our Magazine, No. 86, for November, 1799, Vol. XV. Page 91.

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*Scene in the First Act.*

*Enter Sir* EDWARD *with gun, &c. R. H.*

*Sir Edw.* Take out the greyhounds, and give them a course; and let the groom exercise the curricle horses



CRACK *slips from behind the public-house.*

*Crack.* Sir, I'll exercise the curricle and horses, and I'll give the dogs a course.

*Sir Edw.* Are you there, my impudent friend?

*Crack.* That epithet does not suit me, Sir—I'm remarkably *modest*. Many pretend to do what they can't; such, as I allow, are impudent. Now, I can do every thing, and I don't pretend at all.

*Sir Edw.* And pray, who are you, that are so very officious?

*Crack.* If you wish to make me your bosom friend, don't puzzle me: but, Sir, I believe I am the overseer of the parish; for I visit all the ale-houses every Sabbath-day.

*Sir Edw.* Yes, and most other days—I saw you drunk last night.

*Crack.* Purely out of respect to sobriety—I told you I was the overseer. My neighbours have weak *heads*; and as their wives and families depend upon the labour of their *hands*, rather than they shou'd neglect their duty, I sometimes drink their share, and my own too—I sav'd five from being drunk last night, and that's hard work—however, good deeds reward themselves.

*Sir Edw.* Upon my honour, I was not acquainted with your virtues—*(bowing)*.

*Crack.* No, Sir, few are—*(bows)*—or I should not blush so often as I do, by blowing the trumpet of my own praise.

*Sir Edw.* And pray, Sir, how do you get your living?

*Crack.* Sometimes one way—sometimes another: I am first ringer of the bells, and second huntsman to Old Tantivy; and though its not in my power to improve the *weak heads* of my neighbours, yet I often mend their faulty understandings—*(pointing to his shoes)*—ecce signum *(shewing his apron)*.



Sir

*Sir Edw.* Any thing rather than work, ha?

*Crack.* Any work, Sir, to get an honest penny—Twice a week I turn pack horse; I fetch and carry all the letters, packets, and parcels, to and from the next market-town; and t'other day I stood candidate for clerk of the parish; but——

*Sir Edw.* The badness of your character prevented your election?

*Crack.* No, Sir, it was the goodness of my voice—You hear how musical it is, when I only speak. What wou'd it have been at an Amen!—*(whispering)*—The parson did'nt like to be outdone—Envy often deprives a good man of a place, as well as perqnisites—*(A pause)*.

(CRACK *laughs, and then nods.*)

*Sir Edw.* What's that familiar nod for?

*Crack.* It's a way I have when I give consent.

*Sir Edw.* Consent; to what?

*Crack.* That you may give me what you please above half a crown —*(they laugh)*—*(a pause)*—Oh! I'm a man of my word. I'll take care to exercise the curricle and horses.

*Sir Edw.* You will?—You had better take my riding coat, and whip too, and go in stile. [*Ironically.*

*Crack.* Had I, Sir?—Well; I'm going to market, and can bring back your honour's letters and parcels at the same time; and in the evening we'll all be jolly. [*Going.*

*Enter* SMART, *Sir* EDWARD'S *Servant.*

*Sir Edw.* Who is that familiar gentleman, Smart?

*Smart.* He's a sort of jack-of-all-trades, but chiefly a cobler.

*Crack.* Well; don't sneer at the cobler; many of your betters have made their fortunes by cobling: Sir I thank you; I'm glad to find you more of a gentleman than your servant, which is not always the case. I'll look to the curricle and horses, Sir, before I drink your health; I love business, and I hate a guzzler. [*Exit.*

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## COURSING MEETINGS. 1803.

### ASHDOWN PARK.

FIRRT DAY'S SPORT.

*Monday, February* 14.

MR. BULLOCK'S Young Plunder beat Mr. Thornhill's Tom.

Dr. Vilett's Vapo beat Lord Craven's Bluebeard.

Mr. Goodlake's Gaylass beat Mr. Dundas's Bobtail.

Mr. Hallett's Rosemary beat Mr. Stead's Cracker.

WINNERS MATCHED.

Mr. Bullock's Young Plunder beat Mr. Goodlake's Gaylass.

Dr. Vilett's Vapo beat Mr. Hallett's Rosemary.

WINNERS MATCHED AGAIN.

Dr. Vilett's Vapo beat Mr. Bullock's Young Plunder.

Dr. Vilett won the Cup.—Mr. Bullock won the Couples.

Mr. Goodlake's Gawkey beat Mr. Thornhill's Tom.

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### ROCKLEY.

*Friday, February* 18.

FOR THE CUP.

Mr. Corcellis's Crack beat Mr. Woolrych's Willing.

Mr. Pitt's Pilgrim beat Mr. Mallett's Mars.

Mr.

Mr. Mansfield's Miss beat Mr. Pickering's Pink

Dr. Vilett's Vapo beat Mr. Long's Laurel two Courses.

WINNERS MATCHED.

Mr. Corcellis's Crack beat Dr. Vilett's Vapo.

Mr. Pitt's Pilgrim beat Mr. Mansfield's Miss.

WINNERS MATCHED AGAIN.

Mr. Corcellis's Crack beat Mr. Pitt's Pilgrim.

MATCHES.

Mr. Pitt's Pizarro beat Lord Craven's Crocus.

Mr. Davenport's Tippoo beat Mr. Pitt's Princess.

Mr. Woolrych's William beat Captain Blagrave's Bluebeard.

Captain Blagrave's Bobadil beat Mr. Woolrych's Woodcock.

Mr. Pitt's Puella beat Lord Craven's Cracker.

Mr. Davenport's Nettle beat Mr. Woolrych's Presto.

Mr. Woolrych's Wilful beat Mr. Davenport's Telescope.

SECOND DAY.

Mr. Pitt's Polonia beat Mr. Davenport's Microscope.

Mr. Woolrych's Willing beat Mr. Davenport's Tippoo.

Mr. Pitt's Port beat Mr. Corcellis's Claret.

Mr. Woolrych's Warrior beat Mr. Davenport's Nettle.

Lord Craven's Crocus beat Dr. Vilett's Verjuice.

Mr. Woolrych's William beat Mr. Davenport's Telescope.

Mr. Woolrych's Wilful beat Mr. C. Mallet's Mars.

Mr. Corcellis's Vestris beat Capt. Blagrave's Bluebeard.

Mr. Corcellis's Celerity beat Capt. Blagrave's Bobtail.

MALTON.

*Tuesday, February 15.*

FIRST DAY.

In consequence of the frost and snows continuing till Saturday last, this Meeting, so numerously attended in general, had but a small assemblage of Members; and on the first day only four attended.

The Prize Cup, however, was agreed to be run for by those present, and was determined as under, after two courses:

Mr. Slingsby's black dog, Skirmish, Mr. Swinfen's breed 1

Mr. Croft's black dog, Simón 2

Major Topham's blue and white bitch, Countess, Howden bred 3

MATCHES—FIRST,

Major Topham's brindled bitch Venus, got by Snowball 1

Mr. Croft's fawn coloured bitch 2

SECOND.

Mr. Slingsby's black whelp, Serpent, Mr. Mundy's breed 1

Major Topham's Countess 2

THIRD.

Mr. Croft's blue dog, Farmer 1

Mr. Slingsby's bl. bitch, Harpy, Mr. Swinfen's breed 2

*Wednesday.—A vacant Day.*

Mr. Duncombe's foxhounds threw off at Housham Woods. No private Coursing took place, but the company assembled at Malton were much gratified with the display of Colonel Thornton's *Sporting Apparatus*, on their way to Falconer's Hall on the Wolds.—A pack of staghounds, a pack of beagles, wolves, a couple of stags, two brace of pointers, and six brace of greyhounds, attended by about fourteen hunters, ten servants, French and English, and the whole closed by a *Dog-Horse*, as provision for the numerous canine appetites

tites that had gone before. Colonel Thornton and a party of friends in chaises followed in a few hours afterwards. A stag is to be turned down on the High Wolds on Saturday, for the entertainment of the company at his house and surrounding neighbourhood.

*Thursday, February* 17.

The Sport was expected this day to be very good, as some Cups were to be run for. The Snowball Blood, and Mr. Darley's famous bitch Dent, had separate engagements; the particulars of which we shall hope to be able to give in our next Magazine.

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The sport at Falconer's Hall for the ensuing week, is, we understand, to be as follows:—On Monday, at eleven o'clock, stag hunting commences; afterwards coursing for the matches.—Tuesday, at eleven, wolf and fox hunting, and beagling.—Wednesday, at eleven, stag-hunting and coursing.—Thursday, at ten, wolf, stag, fox hunting, and beagling; likewise coursing.—To meet every day at Falconer's Hall, where there will be a Sportsman's Breakfast provided for all the company.

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## OPERA-HOUSE MASQUERADE.

THIS elegant and spacious Theatre, on Thursday, February 10, exhibited a splendor and magnificence highly creditable to the managers; in fact, it was Elysium, according to Mahometan Prophecy. Such a number of beautiful women have rarely been equalled, either in point of birth, or fashion, or seductive appearance. At a quarter past twelve o'clock, this commodious Theatre, the whole of the pit being floored over, even with the stage, was completely filled, when not less than from two to three thousand persons were present; and one general spirit to please, and be pleased, seemed to animate this assembly: while the extensive concert room afforded relief to those oppressed by the crowd, or who chose to trip on the "light fantastic toe." Imagination cannot conceive, nor fancy picture, a more fascinating spectacle. The lovely, and beauteous part of creation, man's chief solace, and comfort, here presented a scene, beggaring all description. The boxes, in particular, were graced with loveliness, and beauty: and, although the dismal black domino, at masquerades prevails, yet a number of characters, well drest, and many of them supported with infinite credit, were deserving of notice. A Sylvester Daggerwood was most prominent, whose exertions were received with frequent, and deserved applause; a Countryman's Wit, was excellent; an Old Lady, her Son Master Jackey, and Old Nurse, were well drest; a Madman from Bedlam, seemed perfectly at home; an excellent Fidler, and Tamborine Player, excited universal applause; Two Fortuneteling Gypsies, understood the art of playing their cards well; and a trio of Flower Girls, were artificial Flora's; a Lamplighter, was an extinguished link in the character, whom raw spirits rendered a troublesome ghost; some Orange Girls, drove hard bargains; and a Son of Israel, was no sham Abraham; Harlequins, light in appearance, were heavy in heel; and a Quack Doctor's head, like his wit, was a brainless subject; Two Firemen, without a spark of humour, and, although belonging to the "Sun," scorched no one by their fire of genius, and moved in eclipse the whole night; a group of Chimney Sweepers kicked up a dust, and footed it merrily; a Chinese, wandered an Emigrant; and an Irish Jontlemon made himself at home amongst the Cratures; a Commercial

a Commercial Agent, from France, was a principal Character; a Butcher was heartily quizzed by his customers, and whose knife and steel, with "What d'ye Buy!" was his substitute for wit; a Hoyden, and Romp, when wild with Spirits, were Rum Subjects; an Irish Groom axing for a Place, gave a direction, No. 8, Grosvenor Square, was one of the family. —There were Quakers, whom the Spirit did not move, but whom the flesh hankered after; Sultans, and Sultanas; an agile Negro, and fair Negresses; Barbers not worth a Puff; and Sailors perfect Land Lubbers; an Old Fidler, with spirit, and taste, equal to any Youth; and a Spaniard, whose dress was his only passport. Numbers of other Characters made up this motley throng, amongst whom, a Jobson needed no Strap to his Duty. While we give the meed of praise to Characters well sustained, we are disgusted with men disguised in women's apparel, whose nefarious system employed the eye of the diligent Townsend, and his followers, to watch their motions, and to whom much credit is due.

A most unpardonable custom prevails at public Masquerades, which we trust to see amended; that of persons coming without a Mask, Domino, or Character Dress. It surely is a libel on this sort of entertainment; and if originating in a pecuniary expence, it were better for *these Gentlemen* to abstain from it altogether; and we trust, if on a future occasion it should be introduced, the majority of the company will expel the intruders.

Another account says, an Harlequin being observed as particularly leaden heeled, his pockets were searched, and his heaviness was fully accounted for, when they were found to contain one of the Pic-Nic Newspapers.

The Sailors were generally incorrect in their lingo, but displayed considerable ability in the discharge of grape shot.

A Physician, admirably supported, excited much merriment, by observing to the company at supper, "that he perceived that Galvinism had opened their jaws."

The whole was ingeniously contrived, and well executed. Wit sparkled, and wine flowed; nor till seven A. M. was this favourite Temple of Heydegger wholly deserted by its joyous votaries.

The following Bill was distributed by Sylvester Daggerwood.

NOVELTY.

Royalty Theatre, Comical Garden, Dunstable.

*Invisible Girl, Mammoth, Galvanism, Ventriloquist, Gentlemen Actors, and Phantasmagoria.*

THE uncommon brass of some modern playwrights, and the leaden wit of others, induces Sylvester Daggerwood to use the silvery voice of intreaty and modesty to assure those who may honour him on his night that novelty and ingenuity shall be exerted to please them, which is fixed for Saturday the 11th day of June next ensuing, when at the particular and earnest desire of several persons of distinction, people of fashion and promulgated notoriety, will be given for the 1803d time, the most comical, tragical, operatical, pantomimical, farcical, and bombastical comedy in 5 Acts, written by S. Daggerwood, Esq. called, denominated, and christened,

DELAYS AND HUMBUGGING:

OR, HARLEQUIN AUTHOR.

THE principal characters as usual, the Prologue to be spoken by S. Daggerwood, and the Epilogue by Mrs. Miss's Charlottina, Roseabella, and Master Apollo Daggerwood; and it is trusted none of the gallery people will imitate the Londoners by braying in a Jack Ass stile,

stile, or by imitating any of the Swinish multitude.

At the end of the First Act, the *young, beautiful, amiable, and interesting Invisible Girl,* (of Mr. Timothy Puff-and-get-on) *partronized by the Prince of Pantiles,* will exhibit her marvellous parts, and give a specimen of her uncommon powers, in singing, sneezing, snoring, and other natural accomplishments. At the end of Act the Third, that truly great, big, stupendous beast of prey, and master of bones, the original *Mammoth,* (a fabulous name given by the Russians to some large bones found in Siberia) will be set in action by clock work, and form an extraordinary display of animated art. End of Act the Fourth, Professor Botherum will give a lecture on the celebrated and novel system of the Galvanic Art, and by the aid of the infallible fluid will reanimate a Calf's Head, a Dog's Tail, a Frog's Heart, a Monkey's Ear, and a Flea's Nose, to the inexpressible wonder of his feeling and sensitive auditors.

At the end of the Comedy, several gentlemen belonging to the navy, army, and law (for this night only) will recite from King Richard the Third, Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth, and other dead Hero's; affording by their classical enunciation, correct reading, and refined taste; amusement not to be equalled by Cooke, Kemble, Pope, and other actors of notoriety; to which will be added in Two Parts, the favourite Pantomime Melo Drama of

HARLEQUIN HODGE PODGE:

OR, ANIMATED PHANTASMAGORIA.

The principal characters and particulars in future bills, the music composed and selected by Jarring Medley, Esq. who will preside at the hand organ, accompanied by a full orchestra; consisting of delectable sounds, and dulcet notes of the mirth inspiring Jew's harp, marrow-bones and cleavers, and other wind instruments, including a Salt Box Solo, by Jemmy Rotten Jaws, from Bartholomew Fair.

The repeated attempts to produce effect in animated art by blockheads, bareheads, roughheads, and lightheads, calls on Daggerwood to convince by ocular demonstration, his superior art in raising, without the aid of the Galvanic Fluid, the dying, sighing, flying, and complying spectres of original and horrible fancy, confuting the ignorant and imbecile efforts of those, who would pull down the moon could they reach it, and put out the sun, by the superior blaze of their fire of genius; his little devil will execute great deeds of wonder, and his spirits of light make darkness visible.

Between the acts Mrs. Daggerwood will give select imitations of the Boatswain's Whistle, and pipe all hands to foot away in a neat Spanish Fandango. The celebrated Ventriloquist Mr. Fitzwilliam, will shew his power in varying the human voice; and contrast the growling of a city bear with the shrill pipe of a Bond Street belle.

*N. B.* That broad faced virgin, Miss Luna, will not be behind a cloud, and the house will be illuminated with coloured wax.

*** Tickets may be had, and places for the boxes to be taken, at the Office in front of the Theatre, Dunstable; and at the following places, the Uproar, Round-about, and Whirligig Masquerade Shops; all the Private Mumming Theatres, from the fashionable Pic-Nic, in Tottenham Court Road, to the delightful and not less famed Ba Ba Pen Spice Island, Whitechapel; the Dirty Child, Powder'd Beef Court, Cabbage Lane; Jack's Alive, Nan's Hole, St. Martin's Le Grand; Bond Street Jemmy, Jack-a-nape's Row, Cheapside; the Naked Boy, Black May's Hole, Cold-Bath Fields; Capering Jenny, Break Neck Court, Fleet Street; Admiral Nelson, Heart-of-Oak Place, Britannia Square; and Sir Sidney Smith, Acre Crescent, Honour Plain.

FEAST

# FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

A MISER'S BREWING.

A Miser once prevailed on himself to brew a little meagre beer, a tenant coming one day to pay Master Miser some rent, the churl brought to the Farmer half a pint of his October, and bade him drink it up, and then asked the blunt fellow, "if he did not think it was *well hop'd?*"—"Yes," replied the Farmer; "and if it had *hop'd* a little farther, by G—d, Master Miser, it had *hop'd* into the water!"

The first time Mr. Pitt went to Cambridge, after his election for the University, all the *clerical host* were, as might be expected, gaping for *lawn sleeves*, and other good things in the gift of their representative. Dr. ——, preached before the young Premier, from the following text:—"There is a *lad here* who hath five barley loaves, and two small fishes; but what are they among so many?"

Legal Measure.—"You are an excellent packer," said a *bon vivant* to a waiter—"I don't understand you, Sir," replied the attendant.—"Why you have contrived to pack a quart of wine into a *pint* decanter."

A *widow* lady resides at present, in the Borough of Southwark, whose first husband was a *Butcher*, the second a *Tanner*, and her last a *Shoemaker*. The first almost starved her; the second used to beat her; and the third used to make her go bare-footed!

A man who had a defect in one of his legs, was objected to by a magistrate as a substitute for a militia man, on the score of his lameness. "I know I am lame, your worship," said he; "but I offer myself *to fight, not to run away*."

One of our *modern Philosophers*, who is very vain, and pedantic, dining lately with the Earl of Guildford, and a large party, undertook to answer any question in natural philosophy.—Said his Lordship, "I will go no farther than my plate, to puzzle you: here is a *soal:* now tell me the reason why this fish, which has always lived in *salt water*, should come out *fresh?*" The laugh was completely against the *silent Philosopher!*

Christmas Games.—Lord Temple has been playing at *Bragg*. with very little success—Mr. Windham, *Hot Cockles*—Lord Grenville, and the New Opposition, *Cross Purposes*—Lord Melville, *Whist*; holds the *Honours*—Mr. Pitt, *the same Game*; *sits out*—Mr. Addington, *Pam be civil*—Mr. W——e, the *Royal, and Ancient Game of the Goose*—Bonaparte has tried *Commerce* and *Speculation*; but, finding them not to succeed, turns his attention to *Beggar my Neighbour*—The French Princes would fain *Beat the Knave out of Doors*—Hadfield, *Prisoner's Base*—Sir Joseph B——s, *All the Birds in the Air, and all the Fishes in the Sea*—Lady B——e, a *round* game.

A

A Poor Irishman was lately brought before a magistrate in the country as a common vagrant. The Justice asked him what brought him over to England? "A ship, your honour."—"A ship," echoed the Magistrate, "you impertinent fellow!—How do you get your living?" "By my *hands*, your honour, I am a *hay-maker*."—"And how long have you been out of work?" "Please your honour, our trade has been rather *dull* all the *winter*."

The Wonder.—Not very long ago, a gentleman, who loves to *speak his mind*, was sitting at the table of a bishop, surrounded by gentlemen, who do not always speak their minds, for they were his lordship's chaplains. The prelate gave much into the marvellous, to which the inferior clergy bowed assent.—"And I remember," cries his lordship, "when the old palace of Ely was pulled down, there was a toad found under the wall, at least eight inches across the back, and twelve in length. The toad was supposed to be an hundred years old. "*Wonderful indeed*," said the Lover of Truth, "*for it proves that in those days there were no toad eaters.*"

Sir Sidney Smith wrote thus to a man who solicited his interest to obtain an important situation, which a moment's reflection might have convinced him that gentleman had no power to procure. "Sir, I am sorry I cannot oblige you; these appointments do not rest with me. The office of Prime Minister is filled to the public satisfaction, as well as the one you solicit; and the See of Canterbury is also disposed of. I fear nothing attainable in this country will suit your ideas of power —let me recommend you to go to Egypt—I have interest to get you made a *Bey*."

A young woman, who lately proposed herself as a proper person to attend and *dress* a lady of fashion, being asked for her character, answered, that she *stript* the entire family with whom she was last in service.

The Kilkenny Journal states, that a man of the name of Kenny, on his return to that city, "fell off his horse, and *broke his neck*, but *happily* received *no other damage!*"

Mr. F——, who has not the knack of telling a story, happened a few days since to be in the middle of a narration, in a coffee-house, when Dr. T——, the celebrated *accoucheur*, entered—"I am glad," said a gentleman, who was present, "Doctor, that you are come, to *deliver* my friend of this long story."

The following Anecdote, has lately afforded some amusement at Paris:—Two *ci-devant* Friars lately dined with a constitutional Bishop; one of them had been helped to a dish which was recommended by the best sauce, but which, in the course of the entertainment, was removed to some distance from him: he cut a slice off his bread, and putting it on the point of his knife, reached over to the dish, dipped his bread in the sauce, and began eating it. His brother Friar was much enraged at this violation of good breeding, and meant to rebuke him with a sly kick under the table; but instead of the leg of his brother Friar, he unfortunately hit the shin of his Bishop; who, though in great pain, coolly replied, "Indeed, Father, you ought not to kick quite so hard, it was not I that dipped my bread in the sauce."

The Cambridge Paper anounces the marriage of Mr. J. P. *Rolle* to Miss *Butters*.

SPORTING

# SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

A London Fox Chase.—Monday, the 31st ult, at one o'clock, a fine fox was unkenneled among the ruins in the Strand, on the western side of Temple Bar. The Epping Hunt has often been admired for its curious field of sportsmen, but never was there such a strange and anamolous medley collected as upon the present occasion; masons, hodmen, labourers, hackney coachmen, apple-women, fishwomen, boys, girls, and terriers, all in full cry, joined in the pursuit. The crowd, and variety, were rather increased by a large portion of the casual passengers in that great thoroughfare, attracted to the scene by curiosity, supposing that some wonderful discovery had been made among the ruins. Poor Reynard, being an animal of strong instinct, first made for Clement's Inn, in hopes, no doubt, that a fellow feeling would there ensure him a safe asylum. He had the good fortune to gain the gate, but that was nearly the total of his success: he tried every building; he ran up stairs, and down stairs, but no friendly lawyer would afford him shelter: no hospitable door would open to receive him; he met with nothing but demurrers, rebutters, and sur-rebutters, while actions *vi et armis* every where pursued him. Finding no law in the Inn, he made a double to gain his own ground, but he had scarcely reached it, when the blow of a pickax put an end at once to his life and the pursuit. A hodman immediately mounted his brush, and a party of masons, and labourers carried the dead body in procession to a public house, there to regale themselves after the fatigues of the day, and to celebrate the success of the chase. From whence poor Reynard came, or how it happened he should take up such strange quarters, we cannot conjecture.

Matches against Time.—Wednesday morning, February 16, Mr. Lau's mare, of Hollingbourne, trotted fifteen miles, between Canterbury, and Ashford, for a wager of forty guineas, which she performed in fifty-five minutes, and fifty-six seconds, with great ease; the time she was allowed, being one hour.

A short time since, the youngest son of the late Peter Stanley, commonly known by the appellation of King of the Gypsies, started from the town-pump in Dorchester, to run to the town-pump in Weymouth, for two guineas; the distance is about eight miles and a quarter, and the time allowed was an hour and two minutes, but he performed it with the greatest ease one minute and a half within the time. The person who made the bet was a young spendthrift of the neighbourhood, who, fearing he should not be able to see fair play himself, hired a horse for his favourite Cyprian to accompany the light-footed prince, but she not having

having attended Astley's Lectures on Horsemanship, and finding it impossible long to retain her seat in the usual way, immediately crossed the saddle, and in that state entered Weymouth, at full speed, by the side of her infatuated adorer, to the no small gratification of a numerous assemblage of spectators.

DURING the frost, a match for one hundred guineas was skaited for between three gentlemen of Chatteris, in Cambridgeshire, and three of March, and won by the former: Mr. John Drake beat Mr. Samuel Green; Mr. Adam Lion, and Mr. William Green, a dead heat; Mr. Matthew Drake beat Mr. John Bains. It is supposed there were five or six thousand people present.

MR. JOHN SPICER, jun. of Lincoln, on Wednesday, the 9th inst. set off from that city to ride his mare to Manchester and back, in forty-eight hours, for a considerable wager. The distance by way of Dunham Ferry, Chesterfield, &c. is ninety miles, so that he had one hundred and eighty miles to ride, upon the same mare, in the above time. He started from the house of Mrs. Pinder, known by the sign of the Horse and Groom, at three o'clock in the morning, and arrived at the White Bear Inn, Manchester, at one, on Thursday morning. Some gentlemen were up at the Inn, who signed his certificate, and treated him with some wine, during which, a servant girl of the house held his mare at the door, for the landlady would not suffer the poor animal to go into a stable. Being thus disappointed, Mr. Spicer re-mounted, and rode to a place called Bullock's-Smithy, ten miles on this side Manchester, where he arrived between two and three o'clock the same morning, and met with civility from the landlord of the Inn, and good accommodation for his mare, now almost exhausted with fatigue and hunger. This good treatment decided the race; the mare eat her food with cheerfulness, and they both arrived at Lincoln, in health and spirits, at one o'clock on Friday morning, travelling the 180 miles in 46 hours. Mr. Gervase Lister, of Lincoln, horsedealer, went all the way at the same time, and rode a black mare belonging to Mr. Spicer. They did not alight to walk up or down any of the hills, that being contrary to the wager.

THE latter end of last month, in consequence of a considerable bet between two gentlemen, John Wynne, a blacksmith, of Frimley, for a consideration of five guineas, undertook to run from that place to the mile-stone, near Staines, and back again, a distance of twenty-six miles, in four hours; but owing to the unfavourable state of the weather, and the badness of the roads, he was near two minutes over the stated time; by which the person who laid on him, of course lost his bet: though had it not been for the reasons before assigned, there is not a doubt but he would have performed the journey in considerable less time, as he some time ago went from Hyde Park Corner to Frimley, a distance of thirty miles, in less than four hours, and jumped several times over the mile-stone afterwards.

BETTING at Tattersall's, January 31.—First Class of the Oatlands'. Three to One against Lignum Vitæ, Four to One against Julia, and Five to One against Pipelin; Eleven to Ten the Field against Lignum Vitæ, and Julia; Five to Four the Field against Lignum Vitæ, and Pipelin.—Second Class. Seven to Two against Bobtail, and Five to One against Gulliver.—Third Class. Seven to Two against

against Eleanor, the same against Duxbury, and Five to One against Walton.—The Field against two for any of the Classes.—Betted. Five Hundred to Five that Pipelin, Gulliver, and Walton does not win the three Classes; and Five Hundred to Five against Pipelin, Quiz, Walton for the same; in both these, the favourites are debarred.

Six to Four Tuneful against Allegranti; and Five to Four, p. p. Quiz against Highland-Fling for the Match.

BETTED.—Five Hundred to One Hundred and Ten against Lord Grey's bay colt, by Sir Peter, out of Fanny, for the Derby; and Eleven to One that he does not win the Derby and the Doncaster St. Leger Stakes; and Nine to One against Sir H. Williamson's brother to Walton, for the Derby.

OFFERED to Bet.—Sir F. Standish's brother to Stamford and the Field, against four for the Derby.

BETTING Room, Feb. 14.—Oatlands.—Betted, Twelve to Five against Lignum Vitæ, Seven to Two against Eleanor.—Even betting between Eleanor and Duxbury.—Five Hundred to Five that Julia, Quiz, and Walton, don't all win.—Three Hundred to Six and an Half that Lignum Vitæ, Gulliver, and Eleanor, don't all win.

DERBY AND OAKS.—Nothing bet.

As a proof of the very intense coldness of the season, and the consequent distress of the wild fowl, which usually inhabit the fens and the more remote northern parts of this kingdom, large droves of wild swans have been seen in the vicinity of the metropolis, a circumstance never before known; even at a village near Mitcham, there was such a flock last week, that a Mr. Dredge killed two of them at one shot with a common fowling-piece.

DURING the severe weather, Lieut. Colonel Parker shot a hooper, or wild swan, in the canal of Sir Harry Parker's seat, at Melford, where it had joined the tame swans. It measured seven feet four inches across when its wings were extended, and six feet four inches from beak to tail.

THE Sussex levels were visited by a greater diversity of wild fowl than the oldest gunner recollects, at any one time before, to have witnessed. The catalogue of killed exhibited swans, geese, geesanders, shieldrakes, ducks, widgeons, &c. and was accompanied with many specimens of the most beautiful plumage. One of the swans, shot from six others, near Newhaven, was remarkable from its having but one foot. The other was, no doubt, taken off by some accident, and probably many years ago, as the stump presented not the least appearance of a wound, and was in colour black, like the leg.

A FEW days ago a most singular shot was fired by Colonel Thornton, at Thornville Royal. The Colonel presented his fowling-piece at 175 yards distance from the pond, the ball passed through one of the openings in the paling which surrounds the pond, winged six wild ducks, all of which were taken up, though none of them were killed.

A CURIOUS game question is to be brought on at the next Norfolk assizes, wherein, a little out of the reasonable course of expectancy, that celebrated shot, the Hon. T. Coventry, is plaintiff, and Sir Robert Harland defendant. The action is to recover damages for the seizure of a post-chaise, well lined, with hares, partridges, pheasants, &c. supposed to have been killed upon Sir Robert's manor, but seized by the baronet's gamekeeper, "with sticks! clubs! and staves! in the parish aforesaid, and county aforesaid,"

aforesaid," rather questionably, on the manor of another person. Whether this post-chaise, on the highway, no live creature being found on board, like a vessel adrift on the high-seas, becomes, with its cargo, a rightful wreck, and the property of the first boarder, is the question which Mr. Coventry means to call upon a special jury of the county of Norfolk to decide; none of whom, though fair sportsmen, it is hoped, will be liable to a challenge.—The son of Lord Deerhurst, a very amiable young man, and nephew to the plaintiff, was of this extraordinary sporting party, and will probably be the principal evidence on both sides.

DURING the present month, a pack of harriers, which had merely been taken out for an airing, entered Coneyborough Park, Sussex, belonging to Thomas Kemp, Esq. and destroyed a couple of fine young bucks, and injured several others, before the interference of the huntsman could detach them from the spot.

ON the 10th instant, on an information laid before Thomas Garforth, Esq. of Steeton, one of his Majesty's justices of the peace for the West Riding of York, by Stephen Tempest, Esq. of Broughton, the huntsman of the Skipton subscription hunt, was fined in the mitigated penalty of 10l. for hunting after his master left the field.

WILLIAM BEDFORD, and William Armistead, of little Ribston; Thomas Walker, and Richard Greaves, of North Deighton; and William Miller, of Spofforth, farmers, were convicted before the sitting Magistrates at Knaresbrough, on the 9th instant, in the mitigated penalty of 10l. each, for sporting within the manor of North Deighton, not having obtained certificates for that purpose; and on the 16th instant, John Armistead, of North Deighton aforesaid, was convicted before the same Magistrates at Knaresbrough, in the penalty of 20l. for sporting within the said manor, not having obtained a certificate for that purpose.

A MAN named Arnold, at Hengrave, near Bury, was on Wednesday fined 100l. for having bought ten pheasants from a poacher.

A FEW days since, a young gentleman of the University of Oxford, going out a shooting, at the end of the Parks he put a little powder into his gun, by way of airing the barrel; after he had so done, he slung his powder flask behind him, with half a pound of powder in it, as he supposed; firing against the wind, the whole of the flash flew to him, caught the powder flask, and blew it to pieces, knocked the gentleman down, and a dog that was by his side was instantly killed by the brass top of the flask; the gentleman was not injured, except that his hair and eye brows were a little singed.

ON Sunday the 19th ult. a whale, measuring in length upwards of twenty-five feet, and supposed to exceed a ton weight, being left by the sea in a low part of a beach in St. Ive's Bay, was observed by some people to make great efforts to extricate himself, and to blow up the water to an immense height. They soon after approached the fish, and with swords, and other weapons, decided its fate; and next day, dissecting it in small pieces, conveyed them with carts and horses to manure their estates.

LATELY a very beautiful bittern of the lesser kind, was shot by Mr. Poole, in the woods of the Earl of Chichester, at Stanmer, Sussex.

# POETRY.

## THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

### THE GAMING TABLE.

*An Epistle to the Knowing Ones.*

MASTERS of Arts! on whom no muse of taste
One note of praise hath yet vouchsaf'd to waste,
Whether, entrench'd with cards, you sit till day,
And make a waiter's fortune by your play;
Or, madly daring, or serenely nice,
At random whirl, or dribble out the dice:
To you I dedicate these humble lays,
Charm'd with the softness of your winning ways.
There are who teach, but teach they not amiss!
That moral goodness leads the way to bliss;
That dissipation of each various kind
Unstrings the body, and untunes the mind;
That gaming chiefly stimulates to vice,
And ruin centres in the box and dice.
Mere idle doctrine! an attempt how vain,
Free-will to vanquish, and free acts restrain!
Your active spirits mount with brighter rays,
And burn eccentric from the common blaze.
You spurn the maxims of the vulgar soul,
That ought not high-born genius to controul.
Shall each plebeian lead a wanton life,
Maintain a mistress, and desert his wife?
Each petty tradesman dissipate his time,
Get drunk, and deem sobriety a crime?
Shall these indulge their wild licentious views,
In spite of reason, justice, and the muse?
And shall the man of lineage be debarr'd
His fav'rite wish, a strumpet, or a card?
If so, my Crœsus, what avails thy worth,
And what thy boasted privilege of birth!
But hark! the box and rattling dice I hear;
That throw has lost the income of a year:
Prudence exclaims—What madness of the brain!
Not so—that cast hath won it back again.
In early days, when coz'nage was in vogue,
Equal the name of Gambler and of Rogue;
But since a taste for honesty prevails,
And tails no more are heads, nor heads are tails,
Alike from censure and aspersion free,
Each gentleman may play from ——— to me.
What boots it that the statute law ordains
Preventive penalties, preventive pains;
In spite of law your debts are always paid;
To debts of honour, what are debts of trade!
With lowly rev'rence, when tradesmen sue,
In time of need, for payment of their due,
Bid the pert varlets let your debts alone,
Troop off in dudgeon, and discharge their own.
Though Fame, for ever on the restless wing,
May waft her tale, and Satire shoot her sting;
Cloath'd in simplicity, you laugh to scorn
The short-liv'd rumour of the tattling morn.
Let prowling wolves, and subtle foxes strive,
By rapine those, and these by fraud to thrive:

Yourselves

Yourselves more innocent by half you keep,
And mix as harmless as a flock of sheep.
On, gallant Sirs, and persevere in play,
Nor heed at night the censures of the day!
Play, only to the choicest spirits given,
Is an eighth science that exceeds the seven!
In reas'ning, far surpasses logic's reach,
And baffles grammar in the parts of speech;
Measures with more than geometric pains,
The distant spaces of the human brains;
And tho' it gives not all an Euclid's head,
Gives all an Euclid's patience in its stead.
Match'd with the certain calculations here,
Astronomy, how vague must thine appear!
And Music,(may the ghost of Handel rest,
Nor rise in wrath my quiet to molest,)
How unimpassion'd flows thy sweetest strain,
To the dice dancing on the wooden plain!
That plain for pleasure, and for profit made,
The board of play is now a board of trade.
Here youth may learn what sages taught of old,
That noble doctrine, the contempt of gold;
May here improve the rigid Stoic's plan,
And, resolute of soul, be more than man;
With more than Grecian fortitude may learn
To root out all that vulgar low concern,
Which weak, unfashionable men, extend
To wife, to child, to parent, and to friend.
Here wary Prudence beams her watchful eye,
And equal Justice throws her even die;
With coolness Fortitude is amply stor'd,
And fair-fac'd Temperance rules the sober board.
These are the virtues which employ'd an age
To render fam'd each philosophic sage:
But, in this clime, more rapidly they thrive,
And stamp their influence at twenty-five!
Nor are these all the benefits that grow,
For play, as well as peace, makes riches flow;
And, strange to mention! to the senate gives
What oft it wants—fit representatives.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## NEW PARODY.

FROM ROMEO AND JULIET.

I DO remember a keen Sportsman;
At yon large seat he lives, whom late I noted
On a fleet hunter, with fiery pace
Galloping o'er hedge and ditch. Large his estate,
Jocund, healthful, and ruddy were his looks.
Around his ample board stood half a dozen
Of well-fed huntsmen, grooms, and whippers-in,
In noisy, joyous glee. Around his hall
Hung Reynard's brush, stags' horns, fowling-pieces,
Fishing-rods, and other implements of sport:
Upon his shelves were plac'd Racing Calendars,
And Wheble's Sporting Magazines, well bound.
Noting his plenitude, to myself I said,
An' if some friend did hare or partridge crave,
Here is a gentleman could send them game:
Being morning, he's taking exercise.

J. J. B.

## POINTER'S GHOST.

TO HIS MASTER.

*Who lent him to an Apothecary, by whom he had been shot for an Hare!*

OH! hadst thou never known a dog,
Or from the plough-tail, flash'd in vogue;
As dunghill Sportsmen do;
Who but from honour, seldom flinch,
As when they would seduce a wench,
And prove to her untrue!

Was it in lieu of purging pills,
To check the swelling in thy gills,
That thou didst part with me?
Or, could the staggers gripe thee so,
That but a clyster nought would do,
And he must have his fee!

Why

Why did he not, as he has done,
A bladder empty for a gun,
And thy poor pointer save?
Or would he thus his patients use,
Their confidence at first abuse,
Then send them to the grave!

Of such a marksman have a care,
Lest he mistake thee for an Hare,
And rashly shoot thee too!
A bolus or a lotion may
Just as inevitably slay,
As fowling-pieces do.

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## PROLOGUE

TO THE

## COMEDY OF HEAR BOTH SIDES.

*Spoken by Mr. Bannister.*

RASHNESS and Enterprise twin brothers are;
Rivals, that teach each other how to dare:
So like, that they, to man's eternal wonder,
Can never perfectly be known asunder,
Until the ended action shall decide,
Which is the blind, and which th' enlightened guide.
In him who fails, we Rashness recognise;
Let him succeed—'tis noble Enterprise!
All London lately saw, with trembling stare,
Drop from the clouds and vibrate in the air,
Rashness himself; who dar'd a madman's flight,
As if he sought the shades of endless night!
The boldest bosom felt unheard-of fears;
In terror, thousands shed hysteric tears!
Downward he comes—he falls not yet! but, oh!
The next dread sweep all hope must overthrow!
Terrific interval! Safe when he came—
'Twas Enterprize, accompanied by Fame!
Pursuing taste, which changes like the moon,
An author rises in his air balloon:
A while he sails the regions of the air;
Dull earth contemning, builds his castles there:
Onward he soars, with hope of fame elate!
Then cuts the cord, and rashly tempts his fate.
And wherefore thus expose himself to fall?
Why brave what might the stoutest heart appal?
Of modern plays are we not daily told
How very vile they are? Unlike the old
Strong sense, and sterling wit, of those bless'd days,
When bolder bards with glory won the bays!
The charge, alas! contains too much of truth!
This the old age of wit, and that the youth!
The scourge of satire now we dare not use:
We dread Newspapers, Magazines, Reviews;
We dread the Christians; nay, we dread the Jews!
Aptly compar'd to nature's keenest throes
Are theirs, who face such formidable foes.
Oh that the flag of peace might be unfurl'd!
Peace here to-night! sweet peace throughout the world!

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## EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

*Spoken by Mrs. Jordan.*

A QUAKER once, the story's old;
By our good friend Joe Miller told:
What happen'd once, may happen again—
A Quaker once, no matter when,
One of the canine race had got,
Which he or lik'd, or wanted not.
Whether sagacious Broadbrim thought
The dog was better fed than taught;
Whether he stole the meat and cheese;
Whether he did not bark to please;
Or did not fawn, or did not fright
Beggars by day and thieves by night:
Or, vagrant, destitute, and poor,
He saw by chance an open door;
And, uninvited, forward press'd
(Who does not hate intrusive guest)
Upon the Quaker's quiet meal,
With rash attempt a bone to steal:

Or

Or if at passengers he flew;
Or what he did, or did not do:
How he came there; and what his crime;
Are things to tell some other time:
Except that here we must remark,
The story leaves us in the dark!
Therefore this dog might be as good
As any of the canine brood,
For any thing that we can say:
And dogs themselves should have fair play.
The time was noon, the place the city—
Mov'd by the spirit, not of pity,
The Quaker spoke the quadruped:
"Go, friend; and use thy utmost speed!
Thee I'll not kill, thee I'll not maim;
But I will give thee an ill name."
Then out of doors he made him fly,
And gave the treach'rous hue and cry,
"Bad dog! Bad dog!" The frighten'd crowd,
"Mad dog! Mad dog!" replied aloud.
Poor hound! is there no chance to save
Thy bones from brickbat, stone, or stave?
Thou wert not mad—compell'd thy flight;
The venom was in slander's bite.
The fate of Fairfax here has shewn,
The best may make his case their own.
At vice indignant, in their ire,
Bosoms of purest mould may make
The rash and dangerous mistake
Of never stopping to inquire.
If such a lesson can delight,
We all shall bless this happy night.

## FAVOURITE HUNTING SONGS.

*From Nimrod's Songs of the Chace.*

### SONG.

PRINCIPAL VOICES.

OUT of sight are the hounds, boys;
We've lost them to day,
We are fairly thrown out,
Who will tell us the way?

RESPONSE.

If you'll follow up close, we will tell you the way.

PRINCIPAL VOICES.

Who, who are such friends to the joys of the chace?
We hear but the voice, but we see not the face.

RESPONSE.

We cannot, we must not discover the face.

PRINCIPAL VOICES.

Are you fairies or goblins that haunt the rude plain?
Oh, say who you are, that enliven our train.

RESPONSE.

We are nymphs of the wood, of Diana's chaste train.

PRINCIPAL VOICES.

O'er mountains, thro' fountains, then briskly we'll fly,
Diana and Echo shall join in the cry.

GLEE.

Love in yonder valley lies,
'Wake him not with noise or cries!
Tir'd with sport, with toil opprest,
Glad he takes an hour of rest;
See, see his quiver by his side,
Sure to conquer youthful pride!
If he's rais'd, and points his darts,
'Tis too late to save your hearts!

CATCH.

When will sounds of battle cease?
When the world is hush'd to peace—
Welcome discord's horrid sound,
Welcome clangor's bursting round.
Let the British thunder roar,
Shouts be heard from shore to shore.
Every brave commander sing,
With first and last, God save the King!

### SONG.

RECITATIVE.

WHO, who is this that strikes my wond'ring eyes?
'Tis rosy health, an hunter in disguise:
He comes to win me from soft pleasure's train;
And thus he speaks in his enliv'ning strain.

AIR.

Now the dawn's peeping over the hill,
To sleep breaking echos arise!
Hark! the hounds and the hunters loud fill
The woods with their shouts and their cries.
Pursue o'er the mountains your prey,
Be first of the heart-cheering race;
All rous'd by the toils of the day,
You'll own the delights of the chace.

A hunter, no more you'll complain;
No spleen-brooding cares shall ye know:
A stranger to sickness and pain,
With life and new vigour you'll glow.
Then fly from the pleasures that pall,
That languor most certainly yield;
But wake to the horn's early call,
And haste to the sports of the field.